

# THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXXXIX }

## CONTENTS

I. Why Canada is at War. <i>By a Canadian.</i>	QUARTERLY REVIEW	387
II. Persia and the Allies. <i>By E. J. Dillon.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	396
III. Barbara Lynn. Chapter XXIII. A Pathway of Fire. <i>By Emily Jenkinson.</i> (To be continued)		407
IV. The Writers of Happiness	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	412
V. The "Friends" in France. <i>By M. E. Clarke.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	418
VI. A Green Englishman. <i>By S. Macnaughtan.</i> (To be concluded)		424
VII. America and the Blockade	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	434
VIII. Dostoevski. <i>By Ernest Newman.</i>	NEW WITNESS	436
IX. The Passing of German East Africa. <i>By F. G. A.</i>	OUTLOOK	438
X. Uplift	NEW STATESMAN	440
XI. The British Nemesis	NATION	442
XII. An Englishman Prays. <i>By a Student in Arms.</i>	SPECTATOR	445
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XIII. England to Free Men. <i>By John Galsworthy.</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	386
XIV. The Roving Pedlar. <i>By Alfred Perceval Graves.</i>		386
XV. The Procession of Youth. <i>By Edward Shillito.</i>	NATION	386
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		447



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## ENGLAND TO FREE MEN.

Men of my blood, you English men!  
 From misty hill and misty fen,  
 From cot, and town, and plough, and  
 moor,  
 Come in—before I shut the door!—  
 Into my courtyard paved with stones  
 That keep the names, that keep the  
 bones,  
 Of none but English men who came  
 Free of their lives, to guard my fame.

I am your native land who bred  
 No driven heart, no driven head;  
 I fly a flag in every sea  
 Round the old Earth, of Liberty!  
 I am the Land that boasts a crown;  
 The sun comes up, the sun goes down—  
 And never men may say of me,  
 Mine is a breed that is not free.

I have a wreath! My forehead wears  
 A hundred leaves—a hundred years  
 I never knew the words: "You must!"  
 And shall my wreath return to dust?  
 Freemen! The door is yet ajar;  
 From northern star to southern star,  
 O ye who count and ye who delve,  
 Come in—before my clock strikes  
 twelve!

*John Galsworthy.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## THE ROVING PEDLAR.

Do you mind the glad day  
 When we ranged, we two, o'er the  
 green,  
 Amid the white May,  
 On the borders of lovely Lough Lene,  
 How out of the road came the roving  
 old pedlar's long cry:  
 "Come buy my pretty wares, pretty  
 wares, come buy, come buy!"

Not a cloud in the air,  
 All the woods one warble of song,  
 And we just a pair  
 Of wood-pigeons coo-cooing along;  
 When he, overhearing us, cunningly  
 alters his cry:  
 "Wedding poplins, wedding veils, wed-  
 ding rings! come buy, come buy!"

One look in my eyes  
 And you took, mabouchaleen bawn,  
 My third finger's size  
 With a ribbon of rustling finane;  
 And when he'd the wedding ring sold,  
 that old pedlar so sly,  
 "Just that poplin, just that veil, just  
 those gloves," he coaxed us to  
 buy.

*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

## THE PROCESSION OF YOUTH.

They come in one monotonous swollen  
 host  
 Up to the gates, that close not night or  
 day,  
 Above the busy ferry.  
 But not as in the days when faces old  
 Were many, and amid the lines the  
 young  
 Rare, like bright flowers scatter'd in  
 fields of gray—  
 When, side by side with men, the  
 women came,  
 Equal in death; now men must go alone,  
 And youth for embassy must cross the  
 stream,  
 To bring the glory and the shame of  
 earth  
 Into the City; and for them the night  
 Falls swift as swoops the dark on Orient  
 lands,  
 Wherein no man can work.  
 With songs unsung, and lovely dreams  
 untold,  
 Their secrets through the generations  
 hid,  
 Their babes unborn, they march with-  
 out their mates,  
 Guests, hastening ere the hour unto the  
 feast.  
 The artist, poet, statesman, seer, divine,  
 Flung on the City with the streets of  
 gold,  
 As golden coins some drunken fool will  
 spill  
 At night, and in the morn be penniless  
 "They must be rich in men," the  
 Lord God said.

*Edward Shillito.*

*The Nation.*

## WHY CANADA IS AT WAR.

Some articles by well-informed writers have appeared in various magazines during the past year on the part Canada is taking in the present war. The purpose of this paper is not to duplicate what has already been written, but rather to deal with a phase of the subject which has received little or no consideration, namely, Why does Canada participate in the war? What is the psychological cause of her sacrificing her money and her men so lavishly in a war which at first sight is only indirectly hers?

British citizens in all parts of the Empire need not be told that Canada took this step of her own free will, in conference with, but under no pressure from, the naval and military authorities in Great Britain. Canada is not part of an imperial military machine, such as we see exemplified in the German system, but a British colony taking her place in the Empire under the triple principle of "self-government, self-development, and self-defense." One of the rights of self-government bestowed upon the Canadian people by the Mother-Country is the control of its own military forces. While the commander-in-chief is vested in the King, the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa holds the reins of control. If, then, Canadians help to keep the trenches in the battle-fields of Flanders, it is because the Dominion herself voluntarily sends her men thither. And—as the Canadian militia cannot be compelled to serve outside the Dominion—if Canada's sons are giving their lives for Belgium, France, and Britain, it is because they volunteered for that service. Because we are not bound but free, because we are not blindly driven by the caprices of a military caste, but because as British citizens we enjoy "British freedom," which confers upon

us the privilege of holding most of our destinies in our own hands—for these reasons, among others, we Canadians respond by saying that this is not only Britain's war but our own.

We cannot, in the second place, point to a bellicose spirit among the Canadian people which needed only an occasion to be kindled into flame. The Canadians have always been a peaceful people, assuming as their highest task the developing of their great natural resources, and setting up as their highest ideal the attainment of nationhood through a policy of peace with the Mother-Country, their neighbor to the south, and the whole world. Canada's part in the American Revolution, in the War of 1812-14, in the Rebellion of 1837-38, in the Northwest Rebellions, and in the South African War, was in each instance only a ripple on the surface of her national life compared with what she is attempting in the present struggle; and in no case was it sufficient to put the military stamp on her people. When the war broke out in August, 1914, she had a navy of two small discarded British vessels to guard two oceans, and a land force of about 5000 regulars to guard a frontier of 3000 miles. Of compulsory military service, for her citizens she knew nothing. Even her militia of some 40,000 men, trained for about a fortnight each summer, was, from a military point of view, a picnic affair, so that Lord Dundonald spoke the bitter truth when he said that Canada was in no position to defend herself even against a small invading force. With no war knocking at her gates for a hundred years, with a neighbor to the south who was also devoted to the arts of peace, with a growing bond of union among all the English-speaking peoples, and finally, with the feeling of security afforded by the protection of

the army and navy of Great Britain, Canada developed her farms, mines, forests, and fisheries, with no dread of war and no desire for its glory. Her "place in the sun" was to be achieved by peace alone.

Nor, in the third place, can we point to any race-hatred or commercial rivalry between Germany and Canada, as even a remote cause of Canada's part in the war. She was too far removed from Europe to be affected by European suspicions, jealousies, and hatreds, or to be exposed to the periodic nightmares of threatened invasion. On the American continent, on the other hand, she feared no evil. She and her American cousin were living on cordial terms; and, although in the course of a century numerous petty grievances and irritations had arisen, diplomatic relations had never been at the breaking point, and time had wiped out old scores. There was no Alsace-Lorraine to engender a spirit of permanent hatred. In spite of the reciprocity campaign in 1911, there was never, perhaps, a more friendly feeling on both sides of the line than there has been in recent years.

If this is true of Canada and the United States, the two countries between which we should naturally look for jealous rivalry, we Canadians can assure the Germans, so far distant from our borders, that, before the war broke out, we had only good-will toward them. Till then we had nothing but admiration for them as a great people. We knew something about their military machine, but we believed it was for defense only. As to the warnings occasionally sounded in the English press and by English public men, to the effect that Germany nourished evil designs against Great Britain, and that a clash between the two empires was inevitable, we Canadians never really believed them. We regarded these occasional alarms

as a delusion, by which we refused to be haunted. We were too busy laying broad foundations for the future development of our rapidly growing country, and too friendly with all the peoples of the world to think seriously of war. As we look back, seeing things in their true perspective, we realize that it was but the blissful repose of false security and blind optimism in which Canada slumbered while the Empire was approaching the greatest crisis of its history. Only the Government leaders, who had received confidential information from the Admiralty, believed in a German peril. The masses were indifferent.

There was no real cause for anything but a friendly spirit toward the German people. Generation after generation of Canadian children have been taught to regard Germany as England's friend. We have thrown our doors wide open to German citizens and extended to them the same privileges that we gave to our brothers from the British Isles. They enjoyed liberties among us which would not have been granted to Britishers in the Fatherland. And when the breach finally came and we were placed at the parting of the ways, we felt deep reluctance that at this stage of the world's civilization we should be obliged to draw the sword against an old-time friend. Without the heat of passion, we faced deliberately what we believed to be our duty, the duty of all who honor right above might. We do not hate the German people, but we loathe the faction in Germany that would rule the world with "blood and iron," and has persuaded the nation to believe what they say as to the origin of the war. Ever since Canada entered the war she has had a profound conviction that there can be no peace on earth until the militarism which is the tap-root of the present war is crushed.

The week preceding the declaration of war was one of subdued and tense



emotion. It gave the Canadian people the necessary breathing-spell in which to take national stock and decide what course Canada would pursue should the worst come. Throughout those days of anxious waiting the country remained stoically calm, no jingoes clamoring for war, no public demonstrations such as preceded the outbreak of hostilities in Italy. The idol of the hour was Sir Edward Grey, who made such strenuous efforts to avert the calamity. And even after Germany had declared war against Russia and France, Canadians persisted in the hope that Great Britain might not be dragged into the struggle.

In the meantime however, the Government took preparatory steps; and public opinion became united in support of Great Britain in anticipation of war. As Parliament was not in session at the time, the outlining of the Dominion's policy fell to the Premier and his Cabinet in consultation with the Governor-General. On Aug. 2, 1914, the following message was sent to Great Britain:

If unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintain the honor of our Empire.

Although this message was sent by the Premier and his Cabinet in consultation with the leader of the Opposition, without the sanction of Parliament, it voiced Canadian sentiment as truly as if it had been the outcome of a national election. A "political truce" was declared, a truce which is still maintained. All party differences were forgotten. "In Canada," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier when the truce was declared, "there is but one mind." All the problems discussed at the conferences on imperial federation and in the debates on imperial defense were laid aside. No demand was made that Canada should be given "representa-

tation," a voice in declaring war and making peace, before she could participate. By mutual consent of all parties Canadians felt the only honorable thing to do was to give their hearty support. Thousands of Canadians, however, who are making great sacrifices for this war, are not necessarily committing themselves to support every war in which the Empire may become involved. When the war is over there will be imperial problems to settle which no Britisher is discussing today. When the crisis came Canada forgot that there were any problems. One thing was needful and that at once—men at the front. That was the one problem which the Canadian Government grappled at the time and which has received the undivided attention of Canadians ever since. In the face of an Empire-crisis such as exists today any other policy would be madness. When the Empire is in safety there will be ample time to make the adjustments which may be found necessary. What they will be, Canadians are not now discussing; and whatever may be Canada's attitude toward Empire wars in the future, for the present at least the Canadian standpoint is that which the "Toronto Globe," on the day before war was declared, expressed in no uncertain terms: "When Britain is at war Canada is at war."

Those who visited the country during the first twelve months of the war reported their surprise at the calmness of the people, the lack of military display and the absence of obvious military activity. Yet beneath the calm surface there has been since the outset a mighty current of deep patriotic devotion to the Empire, which inspires the people to make greater and still greater sacrifices. When the first army unit of 22,000 was called for, 100,000 volunteered. From this number the First Contingent of 33,000 was picked. Forty-four days after the declaration of war, they had been recruited, trained, equipped, and

were on their way across the Atlantic. A second contingent was prepared, and then a third. In December last, approximately 200,000 men were under arms, equipped and supported by the Canadian Government. At least half of these have been in the firing line, and the rest are on their way. Recruiting is still being vigorously pushed. The total number enlisted up to date and the Government's plans for the future are of course a secret; but, when figures are available, we believe that Canada will have contributed proportionately almost as well as the United Kingdom.

Financially, Canada has nothing to gain and everything to lose by her participation in the war. Had she refused to send a man, her commercial products would have been sought as readily by the Allies as they are today. In fact, Canadians feel some annoyance that large war-orders, which could be executed as well in Canada, are being placed in the United States. On the other hand, in addition to a large deficit in revenue, which she meets by a special war tax, the military burden voluntarily assumed by Canada will add to her national debt more than \$120,000,000 (24,000,000*l.*) a year as long as the war lasts (more than \$15 a head per annum). The probability is that it will reach \$150,000,000 a year or more. This may seem a small amount, but in a young country with a small population and the development of its railways, canals, harbors, industries, etc., just beginning, it is a serious matter. The capital required for the development of our Canadian West, for example, will not be forthcoming for years.

Canadians fully realize all this, but they are shouldering the burden without a complaint. They have been sobered by the horrors of the war and by the sacrifice of such large numbers of men. The Princess Patricia regiment was wiped out, its ranks filled and wiped out again. At Langemark, in April

last, one-fifth of the First Contingent was lost in their first engagement. On May 15, the Western Ontario regiment went into action with 23 officers and 700 men. It returned with two officers and 250 men. Canada has already lost more men than England lost in the Crimean War, and the end is not yet in sight. Yet after a year to think about the matter, with losses in money and men out of all proportion to what she had anticipated, there are no regrets that the step was taken. The "London (Ont.) Advertiser," in reply to some American papers which thought Canada ought to have remained neutral in order not to violate the Monroe Doctrine said:

We are under the impression that Canada's loyalty to the Empire was something so big, so obvious, that our taking part in this conflict would never be questioned. To a Canadian, to remain neutral during an Empire-crisis such as exists today would be a monstrous thing.

Doubt as to the propriety of the step comes from without, not from within.

There is every indication that Canada is today in better fighting trim than a year ago, and that it has become a people's war. From one single issue of a recent (August) St. Thomas "Times" we gather a few straws which indicate the way the wind is blowing:

(1) "The day has come for every man to ask himself if his business is here or in Flanders."

(2) A message from "Ralph Connor" (Rev. C. W. Gordon), a man known through his books in almost every home in Canada and the U. S. "Men, and even more men! Not the men only who can be spared! Not the men without ties of love to hold their hearts! Not the men whose going is easy! No, no! But the men whose going will imperil business interests and will break hearts. These men, men of sacrifice, whose wives and mothers will wave them away with mist-dimmed

eyes, but with hearts that will not refuse to make complete the sacrifice."

(3) Brantford, Aug. 3.—"Every male member of St. Luke's church, capable of bearing arms, is at the present time at the front or in one of the training camps on his way to the front."

(4) Toronto, August 2.—"Old St. Paul's Hall was Saturday night the scene of an important gathering when Church and State jointly consecrated themselves to the life-and-death struggle against savagery. . . . The Archbishop made a patriotic address, urging a prompt response to the call of King and country, and was enthusiastically cheered when he said in conclusion: 'I think when Canada will have had 300,000 men at the front, we will send word across the Atlantic—We are coming, still 300,000 more.'"

(5) The latest movement is the raising of funds by popular contributions for the purpose of donating machine guns for the troops. One old man contributed the price of a gun, \$750. "I am too old to go, but they tell me that one machine gun is worth fifty men; so I went to the savings bank and drew out my savings to buy one." In Glencoe, Ont. (a village of 800 people), the citizens were raising the price of a gun. John Stevenson, a young man of twenty-seven, married, three children, could not contribute. He went to the recruiting station and enlisted and is now in training, hoping that he will be able to man the gun from his own home town.

These passages are culled from one issue of a paper in a small Canadian city and could be duplicated in almost every other paper in the Dominion. They indicate something of the spirit which prevails in Canada today, a spirit which is not, as outsiders may be tempted to think, an outgrowth of the present war, but a spirit which has been latent in Canada for years and required only the emergency to call it forth.

In order to understand the Canadian attitude of mind, which induces them

to pour out their resources on foreign soil for the first time in their history, and to do it at a truly great sacrifice, we must know something about the transformation of Canadian national life in recent years. The past few decades had been the most prosperous in all Canadian history. At one stroke Canada gained faith in herself and became conscious of the marvelous possibilities of her future, when she would have become the granary of the Empire and taken her place beside the United States as one of the great nations of the world. She had passed from a local to an imperial consciousness; and, with her eyes on the future, she developed her natural resources, encouraged immigration, and promoted manufactures and trade. She built not navies, forts, and armies, but transcontinental railways, grain-elevators, factories, and workmen's houses, with the conviction that in the greater Empire that is to be these would play a vital part. She talked of imperial federation, encouraged preferential tariffs within the Empire, rejected reciprocity with the United States, rejected also temporarily the Borden Government's plans for active participation in imperial defense. Whatever we may think of the solution she gave to these various problems, we must recognize that Canada was for the first time grappling seriously with imperial and world-wide interests. We have in them an indication of a new mental attitude on the part of the Canadian people, whose interests, once limited to purely local affairs, were now extended to the wider concerns of the Empire as a whole and of their own place in the world's future. Only the Canadian-born, or those well acquainted with the new national spirit through years of residence in Canada, can really understand the enthusiasm of the Canadian people as they turned their backs on the days of their apprenticeship and faced a future so

full of the promise of national greatness.

Canada had at length become conscious of herself. Her internal prosperity and expansion had given her faith in her destiny. Her part in imperial affairs had broadened her horizon and set before her the ideal of a place to be filled in the British Empire, in which also she had unbounded faith. The first opportunity given for the expression of her new life and interest was the South African War. In the following years the various imperial conferences bound all parts of the Empire more closely together. The reciprocity campaign in 1911 drew the cords which bind her to the Motherland still tighter. And, in spite of its defeat in 1913, the Navy Bill was the most significant step, from an imperial standpoint, which Canada had taken in her history. It is only fair to Canada to say that the defeat of the bill gave to the world a false impression of the true Canadian position. All parties, even the Liberals who opposed the bill, were unanimous in the conviction that Canada ought now, and to an increasing extent in the future, to bear her full share of the burden of imperial defense. The battle was fought over the means not the end in view; and, before an agreement could be reached, the present war was upon us.

When it came, Canada had a wider vision, higher ideals, a more vital national life, and a closer contact with the rest of the Empire than ever before. She was now in a position to feel at home in a world-enterprise. She could sympathize with Belgium, whose rights were so ruthlessly downtrodden, and feel no incongruity in sending her sons to die upholding them. Above all she was touched by the spectacle of Britain nobly struggling for peace, only at last to be dragged into a war that is not hers, with everything to lose and nothing to gain. Fifty or even twenty-five years ago Canada would have taken a

passive interest and pursued her peaceful way. Today she throws her soul into the conflict, because she is a different nation.

But we must go deeper than the new national, imperial, and world-consciousness to find what is after all the mainspring of Canada's action. Indignation at the bleeding of Belgium, an insistence that the treaties of nations shall be scrupulously regarded, sympathy with the British struggle for democracy, a determination that might must not rule, the romantic desire for participation in world-enterprises—while all of these are determining factors, none of these alone, nor even all of them combined, is sufficient to account for Canada's sacrifice. The United States on the whole feels these emotions just as keenly as Canada does, yet she remains neutral. There is a more fundamental cause which ought to be the most obvious, yet is the most apt to be overlooked, namely—a devotion to British interests which results from Canada's long unbroken connection with the Mother-Country.

Canadians have felt for years that they depend for their national existence on Great Britain. For generations, whether right or wrong, there has been a widespread feeling in Canada that the various provinces would long ago have been absorbed as states in the American federation, were it not for their attachment to Great Britain. The feeling doubtless originated in the attack upon Canada during the American Revolution and in the attempted annexation in 1812-14, and has been fostered by the settlement of the various boundary disputes, in each of which Canada felt the United States took the lion's share. So late as 1903, intense resentment was felt throughout Canada on the occasion of the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute, the sting of which has, however, been largely forgotten in view of the long-

standing friendship between the two peoples. This feeling of her own weakness, and the real or supposed danger of being overshadowed and finally absorbed by her great neighbor, drove Canada all the more closely to Great Britain. S. E. Moffett, concludes his book, "The Americanization of Canada," with the words: "The English-speaking Canadians protest that they will never become Americans—they are already Americans without knowing it." While this may be true of such external things as dress and customs in general, it must not be applied to Canadian patriotism. In national sentiment Canadians are British to the core, and view with alarm anything which seems to encroach upon the ties which bind them to Great Britain.

This became apparent on two important occasions. In the discussions about Confederation the proposed union of the provinces was presented as the only alternative to union with the States. The words of G. E. Cartier are typical: "The matter resolves itself into this: either we must obtain British North American Confederation or be absorbed in an American Confederation."\* The Canadian people chose the former. Fifty years later, they thought the same issue was presented again, only in a different garb—the reciprocity compact with the United States. Here again they showed a decided preference for Britain. The national election of 1911 was fought out on this one issue; and a more heated election perhaps never took place in Canada. There can be no doubt that what tipped the scale so decidedly against reciprocity was the fact that Canadian national pride was touched, and they feared a severance of their British relations. Among various utterances by the American press and American public men, the most fatal

\*"Parliamentary Debates on Confederation," p. 55.

was that of Speaker Champ Clark:

"I am in favor of the reciprocity treaty because I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American possessions clear to the North Pole."

Canadians will readily grant that many worse things might befall them, but the fact remains that this is decidedly what they do not want. Their historical connections, their sympathies, their ideals are British, not American. The result was that a storm was raised on the Canadian side of the border. Among several reasons against reciprocity issued by the Canadian National League\* is Article 8: "Because the agreement as proposed, would weaken the ties which bind Canada to the Empire. . . ." At a non-party mass-meeting held in Massey Hall, Toronto, March 9, 1911, presided over by Sir William Mortimer Clark, the chairman said: "We are at the parting of the ways. We must either choose the way to Washington or the way to the great Empire beyond the sea." The opinion of the majority of Canadians was briefly expressed in these sentences. In the election, life-long party affiliations were broken; and many men, setting their patriotism above their financial interests, cast their vote, as they believed, for the Empire. The net result was a political landslide in which the Liberal party, which advocated reciprocity, was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Thousands of Liberals helped to block "the road to Washington."

Let the people of Great Britain have no misgivings; our center of gravity lies within the Empire. However strong the feeling of friendship with any other nation may become, that deeper *love* which grips the heart is reserved for only one—our Mother. For this, other nations must not

\*Reciprocity Pamphlets, 1911.



blame us, for Great Britain has been immeasurably more to us than all others combined. On the other hand, the message of the reciprocity campaign is not that Canadians had any ill-will toward the United States. But it did show conclusively, that, if in time of peace the Canadian people could become so alarmed over a commercial treaty with a kindred people with whom they enjoyed an unbroken friendship of a hundred years, simply because in the dim future it might sever their British relations, then henceforth the imperial tie was so strong that any danger threatening the Empire would call the Dominion to the support of Britain. The reciprocity campaign of 1911 was a forerunner of Canada's action in 1914.

The direct result, therefore, of the close attachment to Great Britain, ever since the days of Wolfe's victory at Quebec, and of Canada's dependence on the Mother-Country for protection during the formative period of her national life, has been to produce in Canada a British loyalty which can scarcely be excelled in the United Kingdom itself. A recent statement by one not himself a Canadian is significant:

Everyone who has known Canada must have been struck with the fact that Canadians are almost more British than the British themselves. The Canadian love for the British Empire has for years burned like a slow fire, making little heat and smoke to be sure, but only awaiting the draft of war to cause it to blaze into a fusing flame.\*

There are in Canada, of course, different groups with varying patriotic sentiments. There is a small Annexation group, whose voice is no longer heeded, and which is destined to an early death. Those who emphasize the weakness of the bond between Great

\*Julian Street in "Collier's Magazine," Jan. 16, 1915.

Britain and Canada make capital out of the utterances of this group, which in reality does not express Canadian opinion at all. There is also a growing Nationalist group, especially strong among the French-Canadians. The watchword of this group is the development of Canada along Canadian lines. What needs emphasizing in this connection is that one may be a Nationalist and yet be intensely loyal to Great Britain and the Empire. There is, thirdly, a considerable body of newcomers not yet fully Canadianized; but we have faith that they will make good loyal Canadian citizens, as millions of immigrants have been Americanized across the border. Finally, there is the main body of the population, which is British-Canadian through and through. Contrary to a widespread opinion that this group is composed almost exclusively of English-speaking Canadians, it is a fact that it contains a large number of French-Canadians. Too many writers forget that they too can appreciate and respond to the privileges granted them under British rule. The words of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, himself a French-Canadian, ought to refute all insinuations that they are not loyal Britishers:

"You ask me why I am a British subject and why I wish to remain one. I reply that I honor the flag that honors its obligations; that I prize most those institutions that secure me most strongly in my rights and liberties; that I am proud to be a sharer in the great work of advancing peace and progress throughout the world, for which the British Empire stands. Gratitude for what has been done for them (i.e. for the French-Canadians) in the past, contentment in the liberties which they today enjoy, pride in the future greatness of England and her Dominions scattered throughout the whole of the globe—this, and much more, warms the hearts of French-Canadians to the

Motherland and makes of them loyal subjects, second to none under the British crown.\*

On the whole, therefore, there is\* in Canada today, and has been for years, a filial love for the Mother-Country, an admiration of all things British, a glory in the Empire, and a devoted loyalty, all of which are being embodied in Canada's present contributions to the war. This devotion to the British cause may not always be apparent on the surface. Only those who know the inner Canadian spirit can truly appreciate it. To the German it is almost incomprehensible. The American, or the Englishman even, who merely tours Canada for a year can have little conception of it. We Canadians are often misjudged by both Americans and Englishmen, for the simple reason that the visitor may see only externals and base his judgments upon them, while he fails to study the more essential thing—the spirit which lies more deeply hidden.† Canadians, however, are willing to be misunderstood occasionally, so long as they themselves are sure of their own inner spirit; and this spirit, which they will persistently maintain, in spite of statements to the contrary from the outside, is one of consecrated devotion to the British cause.

Great Britain has handed over to us full control of our own internal affairs, even the disposition of our military forces—a thing Germany certainly would not have done. She has allowed us to develop our own institutions according to our natural inclinations, without forcing upon us the English stamp. To the German charges that Britain is avaricious and guided by sordid mercenary motives, all we Canadians can answer is that we know nothing about it. Our country has

\*"Canadian Annual Review for 1912," p. 44.

†A conspicuous example is J. F. Fraser, "Canada as it is." A more appropriate title would be, "Canada as it is not."

The Quarterly Review.

vast stores of great undeveloped natural resources awaiting captains of industry to turn them into money, yet our rich farms, mines, forests and fisheries have never been exploited by the English. Our preferential tariffs have been made by ourselves without English solicitation. During all these years, while we have gone our own way politically and commercially, the British navy protected our commerce to the ends of the earth, and for that protection we paid not one dollar.

After a century and a half of British rule, after our bitter experience with English avarice in trade and land-grabbing in general, we silently point to the Canadian graves in Flanders. Surely we are not hypnotized fools! No, but as an expression of our appreciation of the goodness of a Mother who has erred, if at all, on the side of leniency, and at the same time as a guarantee of the future continuance of the liberty and happiness which we have enjoyed under British democracy, greater we believe than we could have enjoyed as an independent nation or under another foreign power—for these reasons Canadians are going to the front and they will continue to go. They go not because Great Britain says they must, nor because they have any special hatred for the Germans, nor because the adventures of war have carried them off their feet. They go because it is the only honorable course to take in view of their present happy position in the Empire. But above all, they go because their filial love is so strong that they would regard it as a monstrous neglect of duty to stand aside and complacently look on while the Mother-Country fights for her life. They go for ideal and sentiment combined, both of which are grounded in their British loyalty. In the last analysis they go because Britain is at war, and because their interests are one with those of the Empire.

*A Canadian.*

## PERSIA AND THE ALLIES.

The mention of Persia conjures up in the minds of political students a repellent picture of psychological misconceptions and diplomatic blunders. It may well be doubted whether in any other department of our international relations so many false starts have been made and so many golden opportunities thrown away, in consequence of our constitutional incapacity to understand the workings of the Oriental mind. For all the evils, not only of corrupt government, but of racial degeneration and national decay, our political leaders have but one mode of treatment which they regard as a sure panacea—a parliamentary régime. They fancy that if representative government be introduced into any country, whatever its social and moral condition, forthwith a supply of ichor is poured into its veins which will bestow upon it, if not eternal youth, moral health and strength to take its place among the progressive nations of the world. Good laws will then be framed, checks instituted against mischievous drifts in the restless sections of the community, and a sound scheme of liberty realized. For Parliamentarism has a sacramental virtue. Such would seem to be the theory in accordance with which our policy towards weak and demoralized peoples has been uniformly shaped, irrespective of their idiosyncrasies and varying degrees of fitness to apply it. And yet a cursory glance at the examples that confront us every day ought to have sufficed to explode this crude final notion.

Portugal is a case in point respecting which in the near future we may be called upon for a decision, perhaps at the moment when we are least prepared to deliver a helpful one. Democratic Government has been tried there for some years now without let or

hindrance from without, and the outcome of it all is anarchy. Under the Monarchy people complained of abuses, of injustice, of ignorance; but under the Republic it is felt that complaint would be wasted breath. There is no one to appeal to now, there seems nothing to hope from any mere modification of the existing régime. Yet Portugal is a much better subject for the Parliamentary experiment than Persia. It is a European State, it once played a prominent part among the civilizing forces of the world, and today it has secular traditions and glorious memories to cherish. The population is homogeneous, their religion is one, their language is the same. Persia, on the other hand, stands for plurality without unity, a number of various kinds of ethnic twigs without the string that ties them in a bundle. Racially the Shah's subjects are an amalgam of various branches of the Aryan, Iranian, Tartar, and Semitic peoples, the lineal descendants of the ancient Persian being probably represented by the Bakhtiari.

None of those elements in its present state makes for humanity or progress. The essential factors of improvement are lacking, and even the need of them is nowhere felt. Passion still sways the various sections of the people to such an extent that even interest is but a secondary motive power among the most. Ages of despotism of the worst type have left an indelible mark on the souls of the tribes who were exposed to its corrosive action, while freebooting, murder, highway robbery, and immunity from all restraints have unfitted the remainder for peaceful pursuits. And as human nature shows a marked tendency to remain true to itself, irrespective of forms of government, it was fair to argue that a par-

liamentary régime would assume in such a country as Persia the destructive character of those by whom it was adopted. That inference should have guided those who undertook the task of thinking and acting for the population of Iran\* and supplying them with a stimulus to constructive effort. But they preferred to work on the theory that a Government by the people is a remedy for most social and political ills. And the result is confusion worse confounded.

The Russians and the British, after having long been rivals in Iran, had the good sense to split their differences and agree upon a common line of action there in the year 1907. The inspirer of that salutary policy was the late King Edward, and the man who had the courage to formulate, champion, and execute it was Izvolsky, then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose services to the cause of what, for lack of a better term, I should call Europeanism, have not yet been fully recognized. It was my good fortune to be in St. Petersburg at that time and to follow the progress of the conversations at fairly close quarters,† and I venture to state that M. Izvolsky deserved well of his country and the Entente. His moral courage, severely tested by a powerful Opposition and other influences never faltered.

One of the objects of the Anglo-Russian Agreement was to keep Persia from being submerged, and the means adopted were the introduction of Parliamentary Government, elections, a responsible Cabinet, and all the other devices of democratic countries, the recognition of Persia's integrity, and independence, the advance to her of money, and the creation of British and Russian "spheres of influence." It

was a curious project even on paper, and it was a hundredfold more incongruous when it came to be worked out. For it is clear that Parliamentary government, which brings the ruling classes into continual contact with the masses, must of necessity lead to the formation of a Nationalist party. And this party would at once be faced by two alternatives: either fierce opposition to the protecting Powers whose spheres of influence are incompatible with a Nationalist policy, or the sacrifice of moral sincerity which would be sapped by acquiescence in that arrangement. Each of the two creations, Parliamentary régime and spheres of foreign influence, was as incompatible with the other as were Ahriman and Ormuzd in the ancient Persian religion.

From the viewpoint of British interests two other capital errors were perpetrated: a neutral zone dividing the Russian from the British sphere was established, and the territory earmarked by our Government was insufficient. During the negotiations between the two Cabinets, the Russian Minister proposed a really large slice of land to his colleague, which would have had the effect of equalizing the shares and leaving no neutral zone. This reasonable offer was declined on two inadequate grounds. Great Britain had always in her dealings with Russia upheld the principle of a buffer in some shape or form between the two Empires. But as in this case a buffer State was out of the question, the only other way of keeping the two Empires from becoming neighbors was to divide them by a No-man's land, as though there was no pirate nation on the lookout for unclaimed territory.

A further motive which went far to strengthen that was the unwillingness of the Indian Government to be hampered by a bigger strip of territory than it could efficaciously defend with the slender resources at its disposal against

\*Persia.

†I announced the commencement of negotiations long before the public would credit the fact or the interested Governments would admit it.

aggression from without. That was the British conception of the transaction.

Within a few years the inevitable sequel of this shortsightedness began to make itself felt, and the Indian Government was confronted with the necessity of building a railway which should pass through the neutral zone, but the project encountered insurmountable obstacles from Persia and Russia. For in the meantime the Teheran Government, which at first demurred to the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 as incompatible with the dignity and independence of the country, had with extreme reluctance and under heavy pressure sanctioned it, but only on the understanding that it should receive a restrictive interpretation and not be enlarged under any pretext. Subsequently the German Government, in the Potsdam Agreement, also consented to recognize it in return for concessions promised by the Tsar. To have attempted to supplement it so as to abolish the neutral zone for the benefit of either signatory, would have been to raise the whole question afresh, and together with it a number of new and thorny issues. Germany, too, would certainly have protested, as she had protested against the Anglo-French Convention about Morocco. The Persian Cabinet, which had a Nationalist Opposition to keep in countenance, would have resisted it vehemently and challenged the principle underlying it as an unwarranted encroachment on the supremacy of the State. Nay, Russia herself was naturally unwilling to repeat the offer she had made during the negotiations.

It thus became evident that while the Anglo-Russian Agreement was an admirable move, in so far as it tended to wipe out old scores, remove distrust, and put an end to ruinous rivalry between the two great Empires in the Middle East, it was a failure as a solu-

tion of the Persian riddle and not nearly as advantageous to British interests as it seemed at the first glance. For it was a sorry compromise between two incompatible strivings, that of Russia for spheres of influence and the British plan for the regeneration of the country on purely imaginary lines. The scheme favored by our Foreign Office, consisting in the grafting of a Parliamentary régime on Persia, would have been ideally satisfactory if the elements of self-government had been available. But they were not. Russia's aim, on the other hand, presupposed the unfitness of the people for Parliamentary institutions, and could have been properly carried out only if these were withheld and a strong monarchical régime established, for which, it must be confessed, there was no strong monarch available. Yet the two contracting parties agreed to realize as much of both schemes as could be welded together and to wait and see what fruits this unnatural union would bring forth. And, further, the British Government, taking no thought of the morrow, not only did not ask for a sphere of interest commensurate with that of Russia, and proportionate to British interests, but actually refused to accept it when it was pressed upon her.

When, subsequently, we in this country prided ourselves on having imposed our constitution on Iran, the Persians pertinently asked whether we had not also ear-marked a portion of their territory for ourselves, and whether this division of the kingdom into three zones could have any logical conclusion other than a formal partition. And when M. Izvolsky complacently told his countrymen that the Persian problem was at last settled definitely, many of them inquired whether the House of Equity\* which he had called into being did not contain a lever by

\*The name of the Medjlis, or Chamber of Deputies, in Teheran is the House of Equity.



which the Russians would ultimately be ousted out of Persia altogether. The new Parliament deposed the Shah and condemned the work of the two Empires, the boy monarch sank to the level of a mere symbol, the Chamber became a sort of Donnybrook Fair, Cabinet succeeded Cabinet, and the ground was made ready for German and Turkish intrigue, which was rife when the European War broke out.

The Turks and Germans industriously spread the report that the partition of Persia was an item of the Anglo-Russian programme, and pointed to the presence of Russian troops in the country, which the Tsar's Ministers could not see their way to withdraw. Moreover, Russian local agents, consular and other, went on perpetuating the fatuous policy of their predecessors as though no agreement had been concluded between their Government and ours. As a matter of fact, the Petersburg Cabinet behaved most loyally, left nothing to foster the growth of representative government, and abandoned any designs it may once have harbored on the integrity or independence of Persia. I feel all the more strongly moved to bear this testimony to Russia's scrupulous adherence to the compact, because I have often questioned the wisdom of that compact. In fact, I had occasion several times to point out the impossibility of getting a Persian legislature elected by the "people" capable of welding together the contending elements and regenerating the nation. To this objection I received the stereotyped Russian reply: "You may be right. Probably you are. But we are bound in honor to do the best we can to foster the growth of Parliamentary institutions." And the central authorities of the Tsardom left nothing undone to co-operate with the British in the accomplishment of a task which, to my mind, was for the time being impossible.

One of the many results of Russia's loyal attitude was the removal of the old grounds of distrust between the two peoples. And this alone constituted a marked improvement. True, the local agents in Iran still continued to pursue their own aims irrespective of the vast interests which they were thus jeopardizing. But the Tsar's Ministers made short work of these artificial obstacles. Moreover, in this country people were beginning to realize that the new Russia differed widely from the old, and that the abyss between the two was widening. The Tsardom undoubtedly still retains a good deal of the old Adam. But it has quitted once for all the old rut and struck out a new road leading to the best of the goals which progressive nations have set themselves. It is developing, and can develop only in the direction imparted to it in October, 1905. Henceforward its progress runs parallel to that of European countries. It can never again go back to the old order which it discarded nearly eleven years ago. Russia's vital interests are now those of an essentially pacific and thrifty people. She needs permanent peace and must eschew the policy of conquest. This is so true that Sazonoff, had he gone before the Duma two years ago, and presented a scheme for the annexation of Persia, would, I believe, have been hissed by the Deputies.

The main object of annexation nowadays could only be economic: to capture markets and keep them. But this object may be attained by Russia in Persia in the fullest measure without the expense, worry, and loss of moral prestige which incorporation would entail. For among all the world's markets those of Northern Persia are the only ones which belong to her in virtue of circumstances that cannot be changed. For one thing, she has no serious competitors to contend with.

Her wares hold the field there. It is true that Iran was not by any means Russia's best customer before the war. Germany and Great Britain did a far brisker and more lucrative trade with the Tsardom. But all that she needed, in order to increase it, was to dislodge the natural obstacles to the normal growth of her trade and commerce there.

There was, it is true, a Russian military occupation of certain Persian districts which political Puritans in Great Britain stigmatized as a crime. But the character of that occupation was misunderstood. Its aim was generally assumed to be political, although nothing could, in point of fact, have been more erroneous. It was at bottom merely the policing of certain districts which were either important centers of commerce or more exposed than other parts to the corrosive action of lawless tribes.

Long before the war broke out, the Germans had taken the measure of Persia and drawn up their plan of campaign in congruity with that. Agents were sent to the provincial centers of Mohammedanism; fanatics were won over by promises of spiritual conquest and by gold; concessions were demanded with insistence, and by the time war was declared the sympathies and the activity of various Persian tribes were acquired by the Germans.

In Persia, as elsewhere, the Russians fancied that they could easily destroy Teutonic influence in politics and in commerce. Sentimentalists by nature, they imagined that the debt of gratitude which the Persians owed them would be paid in neutrality. They had advanced money to the Government. They had extricated it from difficulties. They had maintained order in various districts, had trained a body of Persian soldiers after the manner of their own Cossacks. They had helped to call Parliamentary institutions into

being, and had rendered many other valuable services to the Government and the country.

In return for all these favors Persia proclaimed her neutrality in words, but displayed decided leanings towards the Central Empires in unmistakable acts. Little by little, Teutonic influence grew in extent and intensity until at last it was paramount. The Turks were instigated to march into the country, various tribes were incited against Britain and Russia, and steps were taken to have a Holy War proclaimed. The young Shah was "atmosphered" with such success that at one time it was expected he would definitely throw in his lot with our enemies. Indeed, things reached such a pitch that one day, when a representative of the Tsardom ventured to point out to the young monarch that the behavior of the Germans in Kermanshah was incompatible with Persia's neutrality, and suggested that it would be to the interests of Iran as well as of the Entente Powers to have all agitators deported, the Shah is reported to have replied: "I personally would carry out your suggestion were it feasible. But you seem to forget that Kermanshah is included in Germany's sphere of influence."\*

While the Shah's Ministers were assuring the representatives of the Entente that the Cabinet was, and would remain, neutral, the Turks, egged on and assisted by the Germans, were waging war against Great Britain and Russia, and enlisting the support of Persian tribes; the masses were hostile to the Entente and displayed their hostility in various intolerable ways, and the Persian priests and the "Democrats" of the Medjliss were for expelling the British and the Russians from the Shah's dominions and confiscating their property. This was Germany's opportunity, and seizing it,

\**Novoye Vremya*, October 28th, 1915.

she sent a number of new members to the Legation of Teheran. These gentlemen arrived at the frontiers fully equipped for the task set them by the Wilhelmstrasse. A whole caravan of beasts of burden accompanied them, conveying seventy great heavy boxes, in which besides the usual paraphernalia of diplomacy were included machine guns and ammunition for several cavalry regiments. The Persian Government, which owed its very existence to the good offices of Great Britain and Russia was duly informed of the nature of the baggage by the representatives of these two Empires. But, in virtue of her strict neutrality, official Persia declined to intervene. A numerous convoy was dispatched from Teheran to lend solemnity to the entry of the mission into the Persian capital, and Prince Reuss enjoyed a triumphal march with his seventy heavy boxes which had traversed Bulgaria and Turkey without a hitch. The contents of this diplomatic baggage were distributed along the route to the lawless Kurdish tribes, who joined the Turkish forces invading Persia, and took an active part in the war against the Entente. German officers residing in Teheran, in possession of diplomatic passports, discharged the functions of the Kurdish General Staff, and saw that their contingents were provided with artillery. Thus, in the eyes of Persians and foreigners, the story of Liman von Sanders and his expedition to Constantinople was repeated in Iran without protest or remark from the Government of the Shah.

Soon afterwards a new caravan arrived at Nedjefabad with quick-firing guns, ammunition, and money. At its head were two German officers, and it was duly escorted by a contingent of Persian gendarmes. The troops were organized and drilled in Teutonic fashion, methodically and deliberately, as though they were in a Prussian gar-

rison town.\* And the Persian Government not only did nothing to hinder this public mobilization of forces against the Entente, but they aided and abetted it. German agents preached the Holy War against us; subsidized or bought a number of journals which incited the population to join in the onslaught against Britain and Russia, and armed and trained the Kurds. And the Teheran Cabinet, not content with the part of inactive onlooker, protected those who were conveying arms and ammunition to our enemies! At last, the Kurdish cavalry drew near the capital, and a well-laid plot was hatched for the purpose of kidnapping or inveigling the young Shah, the House of Equity, and the members of the Government.

Of all their advantages the Turco-Persian forces made the most. One of their main objects was to hinder the junction of the two Eastern armies of the British and the Russians, and, by way of achieving it, they marched against Kermanshah, which they captured. This was the city to which the transfer of the seat of government from Teheran had been contemplated. It was exactly the same aim which the Turks had in view at the engagement at Kut-el-Amara. Kermanshah lies about half-way between Teheran and Baghdad, and Kut-el-Amara is situated about 250 kilometres south of Kermanshah.

Meanwhile, the interior of Persia, with the exception of the districts occupied by Russian troops, was plunged in anarchy. Assassination, brigandage, highway robbery, were among everyday occurrences. The Russian Vice-Consul Kaver was murdered, whereupon the German Minister, Prince Reuss, whose agents were openly accused of the crime, expressed his profound regret, and earnestly affirmed that none of the persons in his

\**Novoye Vremya*, May 8th, 1915.

service had had hand or part in the deed. He further declared that, desiring to spare the Persians the result of the wrath of Great Britain and Russia, he would, in future, abstain from political agitation.\*

As a matter of common knowledge, the assassins were discovered by the secret police, but it was impossible to effect their arrest. For the German Consul in Ispahan disposed of four hundred horsemen, and the official deputed to apprehend the criminals was himself compelled to seek safety from violence in flight. Meanwhile, the assassins having, it is asserted, made their farewell visit to the German Consul, quitted Ispahan.

The Russian troops were attacked by the Persian rebels in Germany's service at Kushke. Only the vanguard of the Persians took part in the engagement, the theatre of which lies about 140 kilometres from the capital, at a place where the roads meet between Kazvin and Koom and Hamadan and Teheran. The insurgents were scattered in the direction of Koom, which was finally captured by our Ally's forces, who, in a single day, had marched about sixty-eight miles. At Koom the rebel troops were commanded by Swedish officers of the gendarmerie and by Germans. Hamadan was also attacked and captured by the Russians, and Prince Reuss, whose carefully laid plans were thus frustrated, was recalled by the Kaiser. For he apprehended the triumphant entry of the Tsar's troops into Teheran.

The new German Minister at Teheran is a worthy representative of his Government. Nine years ago, when still only a Vice-Consul, he is said to have made considerable secret purchases of arms in Turkey and in China, with which he supplied certain rebellious Indian tribes. We next find him in Fez, discharging the functions

of Consul, and laboring hard to stir up mischief among the more restless Moorish tribes. He was fairly successful in his endeavors to frustrate the efforts of the French to make the most of Morocco without conquest. It is commonly affirmed, I know not with what truth, that he was also one of the persons responsible for fomenting the rebellion of 1911, in the course of which Fez was besieged. As it chanced, the rebels made no fine distinctions between Lutheran and Catholic, Germans, French, and British, but threatened all *giaours* alike, so that the German Consul's life was as much in danger as the lives of the French. But General Moinier marched to the relief of the place and delivered the population from the besiegers. Herr Vassel thereupon called on the General to thank him personally, and at the same time dispatched a forcible report to his Government setting forth his reasons for considering Moinier's expedition useless and harmful. For Herr Vassel, unlike the Moors, can and does make very fine distinctions. Later on, he became the German political agent in Baghdad, where he labored hard to preach among the Arabs submission to the Turks and disaffection towards the British.\* He it was who had inflammatory proclamations distributed in Afghanistan and Beludjistan, where he endeavored to foment a rising against the Indian Government. His doings, official and clandestine, form the subject of a lengthy diplomatic correspondence which might be disclosed to the world with advantage to our cause.†

Between German diplomacy and German hostility to the Allies there was no line of demarcation. Consuls, consular agents, military attachés were all toiling and moiling conscientiously to fan the embers of religious, racial, and tribal fanaticism into a consuming

\**Cf. Echo de Paris*, December 24th, 1914.

†*Novoye Vremya*, January 21st, 1916.

\**Novoye Vremya*, June 3d-16th, 1915.

flame, and to levy war on the cheap against the patient Powers of the Entente, who nobly persevered throughout in their resolve to consider all these agitators and armed enemies as diplomatic or consular representatives. The Persian Cabinets, too, which came and went while anarchy remained and flourished, were all treated with a high degree of deference by Great Britain and Russia.

Even the Cabinet presided over by Mustaf-ul-Memelik was dealt with tenderly by the Allied authorities, although it was no secret that this Oriental statesman harbored plans of his own which a hair-splitting casuist would find it hard to distinguish from those of his Teuton friends. It was known, for example, that this Premier, urged by the religious chiefs of the Shiites, went so far as to propose in the Cabinet that the Shah's Government should proclaim a Holy War against the Christian enemies of the true faith (i.e., the Russians and their British allies). The debates to which this startling suggestion gave rise were animated and lengthy, and, happily for Persia and for us, they ended in the obstinate refusal of the Premier's colleagues to be parties to his insidious scheme. Mustaf-ul-Memelik not finding the support on which he had reckoned for a policy of open hostility, modified it and contented himself with "benevolent neutrality" towards our enemies. And this he carried out with a thoroughness which would have compelled Britain and Russia to adopt drastic measures towards Iran had not the obnoxious statesman been superseded in the nick of time by Ferman Ferma, Mohaver Memelik and the Sepehdar. The policy of Mustaf-ul-Memelik was to give profuse assurances of his loyalty to the representatives of the Entente Powers in Teheran, to have them repeated in London and Petrograd, and to abet or connive at all the machinations of the

Germans in Persia. It is fair to recognize the fact that the Shah's Government was superlatively weak and unable, for lack of military forces, to impose its will on the provinces, so that even had it been animated with the best intentions, most of these must have remained unfulfilled. But it is none the less a fact that whenever and wherever it was in the power of the Shah's Ministers to frustrate the plots of the Germans, the Swiss, and the Swedes, who all combined their forces against us, they merely looked on as interested spectators, and reiterated to the Allies their assurance of loyalty.

Chronic chaos is among the consequences of this combination of weakness and obliquity. The condition of the country, superlatively bad before the war broke out, has grown desperate during the nineteen months that have elapsed since then. Persia has become the happy hunting-ground of a lawless soldiery, of roving brigands, savage highwaymen, German sergeants, and native despots whose name is legion. With the exception of a few towns administered by strong local officials or policed by Russian troops, there is no security for life, or property anywhere. All checks and restraints, human and divine, have been swept away by wild passions, the fury of which only machine-guns and rifles can abate. Turkish irregulars under Halil Bey played havoc with the country around Urmia, the Kurds indulged in fiendish atrocities wherever they encountered Armenians, German Consuls distributed money and arms to the rebels whom they enlisted in their service, and whom they led not only against the armed forces of the Russians, but also against the Consuls of Russia and Britain, while the "Democrats" of the House of Equity encouraged the Teutons by every means in their power.

It was the Germans who instigated the attack on the British patrol at



Bushire; it was they who stirred up and organized the insurrectionary movement at Fars; it was they who egged on the frontier tribes to rise against the Emir of Afghanistan. The British Consul-General at Ispahan, Mr. Grahame, was attacked and wounded, and a member of his escort killed. The Russian Vice-Consul in the same city was murdered at the instigation of Germany's diplomatic representatives. The respect which even savage tribes pay to foreign envoys is thus denied to the representatives of the two Powers to which Persia owes her existence.

In the summer of 1915 the Russian Government appointed Baron Cherkassoff to be Consul at Kermanshah. But for months this ill-starred agent found it impossible to reach his destination. Twice he was driven back, once at Kengovar, and then at Hamadan by bands organized by the Germans on this neutral territory, and by the end of December he was further away from Kermanshah than at the outset five months previously. The first attack was organized by the German Consul at Kermanshah, Schünemann, who sent four hundred men against Baron Cherkassoff's escort, which consisted only of forty-seven soldiers. Incorporated in the attacking force were one hundred and fifty gendarmes under Swedish officers who, the Russian Consul declares, were disguised in the uniforms of German mercenaries and were placed at the disposition of Schünemann by the Swedish Chief of the gendarmes, Captain Svensen. This gentleman behaved with such consideration for his German friends that besides giving them the help of his gendarmes he also sent them a machine-gun, which he took from the State arsenal in Kermanshah. And in order to obtain the gun, the captain sent men to break open the arsenal. Of the Russian Consul's escort twenty-four men were down with malaria, so that

only twenty-three were capable of fighting.

The intention of the German mercenaries to kill or capture Russia's representative was known to Mustaf-ul-Memelik, who had taken over the premiership about a week before. The Premier also had cognizance of the disloyalty of the gendarmes and of their audacity in breaking open the arsenal. Yet the only action on his part which this foreknowledge produced was a number of high flowing phrases expressive of his good-will towards Britain and Russia interlarded with assurances that the gendarmes and their Swedish officers were worthy of all confidence. He ended by undertaking to have the Russian Consul and his British colleague, who were both bound for the same place, convoyed to Kermanshah by an escort of gendarmes. This proposal was hardly more than a temptation to them to let themselves be led into the trap laid for them by the German Schünemann, and was interpreted as such by the Russian and British Ministers at Teheran, who declined the offer to allow their Consuls to be captured. The latter accordingly remained at Hamadan.

In Hamadan the Turks and the Germans were preponderant, under the ægis of Said Bey, the Turkish Vice-Consul, and Herr Weber, the German Vice-Consul, who is a Swiss. The other leading agents of the Kaiser in the city were Captain Erdmann, an officer of the German Army, Herr Salzmann, a Swiss, and Ensign Salomon, an Austrian officer, all of whom were busy enlisting Persian Modjeheds in their army. The local Governor sent repeated representations to Teheran, which were left unanswered. After the congress of the "democratic" Parliamentary party at Sultanabad, which took place in October, the German party felt heartened, and its efforts to attain success were redoubled.

It is worth noting that in this congress, which adopted far-reaching resolutions, the German agent Schünemann took an active part, which in any other neutral country would have disqualified him for consular functions. Other official foreigners who were allowed to be present at the Parliamentary deliberations were Count Kanitz, the German military attaché; Feizi Bey, the Turkish military agent; Mukhtar Bey, the Ottoman Consul in Kurdistan; the Envoy Extraordinary of the Sultan; and Obeidullah, member of the Ottoman Chamber whose task was to conclude a military convention between Persia, Turkey, and Germany, and who, if circumstantial evidence is worth anything, succeeded. Another prominent personage who took part in the deliberations of the "Democratic" Congress was the Swede Demare, who, subsequently, rose to the position of Dictator in Hamadan and Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces of that city.\*

The Congress of Sultanabad had one noteworthy result: it stirred up the Cabinet of Teheran to action. Instead of contenting themselves as heretofore with the part of passive spectators, the Shah's Ministers issued a circular exhorting the local Khans and the population of Hamadan to give every assistance in their power to the reinforcement of the national militia, which was being organized by the agents of Turkey and Germany. This circular stated that the achievement of this end would tend to further the national interests and protect Iran from the encroachments of Russia and her British ally. The result was instantaneous. Numerous volunteers presented themselves for military service against the two States which were alleged to be working for the dismemberment of Persia. In these circumstances, the Russian Consul, feeling that he could no longer remain in a

hostile city, quitted Kermanshah together with the Russian colony and the local branch of the Discount Bank of Persia, and arrived safely in Kazvin.

The intrigues and machinations which were carried on by the Germans in Kermanshah after the departure of the Russian Consul surpass belief. Hundreds of outspoken anarchists were enlisted in the service of the Germans, whose general staff worked unceasingly in the consulate, while the Central Government smiled approvingly. Meanwhile, Great Britain and Russia, struck by the difficult position in which the Shah's Ministers were placed rather than by the equivocal part they were playing, wrote Notes but did nothing. The one thing to do was to take the bull by the horns, disperse the anarchists who were hiding under the protection of diplomacy, and scatter ridiculous fictions to the winds. They had contracted moral obligations towards Persia, and were bound to save that country from Germany and anarchy. They had the right of declaring war against their enemies and saving their protégés from thralldom. But they recoiled from arresting the Teuton intriguers, and thus permitted formidable hindrances to be raised against their endeavors to enable Persia to work out her own salvation.

The main object of Turks and Germans, was, if possible, to organize a march on India, by way of Baghdad and Persia. And in order to ensure success, the person of the young Shah was to be captured and the realm governed by orders from Berlin. The preparations for this master-stroke had been made with German thoroughness. During the Moharrum festival, when all Moslems are highly strung, drums are continuously beating, and, to use a Russian phrase, "the ocean is only up to the knees" of the fanatic Moslem, the Germans withdrew to a camp some twenty miles from the

\**Novoye Vremya*, December 18th, 1915.

capital city and made arrangements to inveigle the young Shah and transfer the seat of his Government to Ispahan. Had this plan succeeded, Persia would have become a second Bulgaria. There would appear to be no doubt that the young monarch gave his favorable consideration to the proposals coming from the German General Staff. And for a time his decision was awaited with trepidation by both candidates for his support. Telegrams were dispatched that he had made up his mind, and was resolved to throw in his lot with the Central Empires. A few hours later it was announced that he was heart and soul with the Allies. No one knew what to believe. The British and Russian Ministers had an interview with him at the eleventh hour, and their warning words may have made an impression on his untutored mind.

What had really happened may be briefly sketched as follows: The onward march of the Russian troops whose objective was Teheran, disturbed the peace of mind of the German, Austrian and Turkish plotters, who, to save their skins, sought refuge in the American Legation. The Teutons had had recourse to their traditional methods of bribery, flattery, promises, threats, and outrages. They had also made overtures to the Swedish gendarmerie,\* which were well received, so that a complete understanding subsisted between them and the Teutons.

A similar but vain attempt was made to win over the Persian Cossack Brigade which had been trained by the Russians. One day the Colonel of this brigade gave an "At Home," at which the Swedish officers were present. At this function a would-be assassin turned up, armed with bombs, which he had

been bribed by the Germans to cast at the recalcitrant Colonel. Had this plot been carried out, the brigade would have been thrown into utter confusion. But as fortune would have it, the plan miscarried, and the "diplomatists" left Teheran and took up their quarters outside the city. The American flag was then hoisted over all three legations, and the members of the gendarmerie sent their wives and children to the Legation of the United States for safety. About noon an order was issued to the gendarmes to leave Teheran without delay and to shoot down every Englishman and Russian at sight. Rumors were rife that the Shah was about to abandon his capital and retire to the German camp. The streets were occupied by the police, and a numerous escort of guards assembled outside the palace where the Shah's carriage stood ready for the flight of the Court.

Meanwhile, inside the palace walls the young monarch was weighing the pros and cons, drawn now this way and now that. The Court functionaries were urging the necessity of flight, while Prince Ferman Ferma and the Sepehdar were endeavoring to persuade him to remain in his capital and identify his cause with that of the Allies without whom Persia would not be a nation today. But the Shah placed most reliance on Colonel Wastdahl, who was then asked to give his advice. The cautious officer replied that his duty was to carry out, not to give orders or advise, whereas Colonel Erdwall, of the gendarmerie, a pro-German Swede, was eager to get the monarch out of the city. Even the Ministers, hypnotized by the Teutons, did not venture to suggest that the Shah should remain.

It was in the evening of that eventful day that the British and Russian Ministers were received in audience. They explained to the King that the interpretation put upon the advance of

\*It is fair to say that the Swedish Government is not responsible for the action of the officers whom it sent to Persia. But Swedish representatives abroad are nearly all active champions of Teutonism. The Swedish Minister in Rome, for example, has become a Director of the Banca Commerciale!

the Russian troops was false. The Tsar's soldiers were coming, not as enemies, but as friends. Their aim was not the occupation of the capital, but its emancipation. They employed every argument founded on fact and confirmed by experience to convince the boy-king that he must stay on, but he still remained irresolute. Prince Ferman Ferma and Samsam-es-Sultaneh then continued the work of the British and Russian diplomatists after their departure, and at half-past five the Shah summoned Colonel Wastdahl and ordered him to send away his mounted police, as he was resolved to stay where he was. Immediately after this fateful decision, which was the saving of Persia, a Cabinet Council was convoked, and Prince Ferman Ferma, together with Ain-ed-Dowleh, were appointed Ministers, the former to the Premiership and the Ministry of the Interior, and the crisis was ended.

In the meantime, the enemy diplomatists were awaiting the arrival of the Shah, having made all possible preparations to welcome him. The gendarmie was drawn up, the diplomatists

The Contemporary Review.

were in full-dress uniforms, the Staff were present, and arrangements had been made for the withdrawal of the Government to Ispahan. The dismay of these gentlemen when the Shah's decision became known cannot be pictured in words.

What Persia needs most of all, if she is to be rendered independent and self-sufficing, is, in the first place, freedom from Turkish and German agitators, and in the next place adequate ways of communication, and, in especial, railway lines.

Railways, roads, security of life, property and trade, and improved credit will go far to end the appalling anarchy which ages of misrule and years of Anglo-Russian rivalry that kept internal strife ablaze have created and fomented in the country. But until these civilizing factors have had time to overcome the worst consequences of the long conflict of faiths, races, and rival empires, as well as the present relentless outbreak of natural forces, democratic institutions can but aggravate, in lieu of mitigating, the sufferings of the ill-starred Persian people.

E. J. Dillon.

## BARBARA LYNN.

By EMILY JENKINSON.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### A PATHWAY OF FIRE.

The night was dark, no star shone, and, though the moon had risen, it could not penetrate the clouds, which hung over the sky, and rested on the mountain tops. There was just enough light to show how wild and lonely was the pack-horse track through Girdlestone Pass.

About nine o'clock Barbara came along it. She walked as a shepherd walks, who has many miles to travel, and must not grow weary. She did not hurry, neither did she dally nor

halt, but kept up an even pace, regardless of the dips and rises in the road.

She was returning from a distant farm, whither she had carried the Need Fire, and where the good folk had waited all the afternoon, the cattle folded near the house, and a pile, like a haystack, of green wood ready to be lit, when the sacred element—for such they regarded it—should be brought from Boar Dale. They had given up all hope of receiving it that night, when, about seven o'clock, a loud knock, came to the door, and Barbara Lynn

stood there, with the smouldering embers in a cauldron.

Now she was returning, but not by the way she had come, over a shoulder of Thundergay, for there was no track to guide her, and the mist and darkness hid the familiar landmarks; so she struck the road through Girdlestone Pass instead, meaning to reach Greystones by the round-about way of the Robber's Rake.

She kept with her still some of the exalted feeling, which had thrilled her, when she had carried the Need Fire over the mountains. In her own eyes she had been raised from her humble office of hewer of wood and drawe: of water to the rank of a priestess.

No Druidess, administering the rites of her religion, could have had a greater sense of the mystery of life, and the debt it owed to symbolism to make it intelligible, than Barbara at this time. Her character, founded upon Christian principles, was yet bathed in a pagan glow of awe and wonderment. Natural forces drew forth her reverence. Fire, Wind and Water became personified; they bore an analogy to Life, Soul and Spirit. And her love of the old Greek tales filled her imagination with so rich a store of treasure—much that was strange, fair and exalted in ancient thought—that she had an inexhaustible wealth to draw upon for her delight and nourishment.

She had watched Timothy Hadwin kindle the Need Fire with a keen sense of its inner significance. Fire was the symbol of purification and smoke the symbol of prayer. It seemed to her fitting that man should make this outward show of his repentance, for she believed—as most of the fell-folk did—that the pestilence threatening the cattle was the sign of an aggrieved heavenly power. When the Greeks sinned had not the god of the Silver Bow sent his deadly arrows hissing among them, killing first their dogs and

mules, and then their men, until they heeded the warning and made their peace with sacrifices and restitution? For what transgression the black bane had been sent into the dales and fells Barbara did not ask. Was it a question worth asking, when no heart was pure? Let every man amend his ways, and the appeal to heaven would not go up in vain.

Filled with some such thoughts as these, she threaded her lonely path through the dim land. Upon her body were still the marks of fire, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were scorched, and her clothes were so well thrified, that they shook out a pungent odor of smoke at every movement. Neither weariness, nor pain—she had been on her feet since long before daybreak—could rob her figure of its lofty carriage.

The silence suited her mood; and the darkness, blotting out the well known features of the landscape, allowed her brain to paint its own picture of the country through which she was journeying. She was, in fact, carried by her imagination far away from the Girdlestone. But no earthly land received her spiritual body. She had come to a place where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, having passed through the Need Fire which purifies from all dross. There she walked in a clear light, holding sweet fellowship with one from whom she must be forever separated on earth.

More and more of late Barbara had begun to fix her thoughts upon that which lay beyond mortal existence. Her life was empty: instincts, desires, hopes—the birthright of the human soul—were spilled like water upon the ground. She had nothing to expect here: but there—what glorious prospects opened out!

Timothy Hadwin often talked to her about the next world, and she had imbibed much of his philosophy, color-



ing it to satisfy her own desires. She believed in a Great Spirit. She believed that every living creature had a living soul. She believed that behind every material thing there was a spiritual force. She believed that her desire for knowledge would, hereafter, be fulfilled. All that she knew from the outside now would there be revealed in its inmost reality.

But it was not an immaterial world that her faith painted. Trees, streams, mountain gorge and starry peak made it beautiful. She loved the trees, their leaves pleased her eyes, their chiming her ears; but when she became a spirit she would enjoy their very life in a deeper sense; for she would be able to pass into their being like the Hamadryads of Greece, only she would not die with the trees, for death would no longer exist. In the same way she would be able to become one with the streams, the dales and fells. But above all and beneath all—for it was both the foundation and summit of her hopes—human fellowship would then present no barriers to a perfect communion. She would need no eyes to see and recognize the loved one, no hands to draw his attention, no feet with which to come nigh him, no voice to tell him her thoughts. Spirit would pass into Spirit, would live and move and understand, without bodily aids, which are also the instruments of misunderstanding and separation.

She was wakened from her dream by hearing a voice speak from the wayside. Now that her attention was drawn to it, she could dimly make out a huddled figure, whose limbs seemed to melt and become one with the rock upon which it sat.

"Angel or devil!" said a hoarse voice. "Who are you?"

She came nearer and peered into the man's face.

"Why, Joel," she exclaimed in surprise. "I didn't expect to see you here."

He staggered to his feet and she felt sure that he had been drinking.

"It's always the unexpected that happens," he replied.

When Lucy had run away from him, he had been so overtaken by surprise, that for a few seconds he had not been able to grasp the reality of the fact. Then passion had swept away his senses, and he had rushed hither and thither like a mad man, calling, cursing, but seeing nothing, so swiftly had her gray-cloaked figure been swept up into the gathering darkness. His wild scheme of carrying her off defeated, and knowing that his desires and hopes could never now be realized, he had so far recovered himself as to lay hold of a shred of reason and stifle his anger. He had taken the horse back to the inn, and then had sat down in his corner by the fire, silent and sullen, heedless of the dame's chatter, and only wishful to be left alone. He had demanded wine, and had tried to drown his wrath and bitter sense of failure. But he could not endure the good-wife's tongue, and at length had got up and gone out. He had told himself that he would go back to Forest Hall tomorrow, settle his affairs with all speed and never set foot in Boar Dale again. He was sick of the Shepherd's Rest, and would not have stayed so long only the place had been convenient for his purpose. There he had hoped to decoy Lucy and take her away. In the light of their last meeting, he had felt sure that she would go with him.

And now, having walked aimlessly along the pack-horse track, the mist chilling him to the bone, he would have returned again to the inn, but that he was afraid of the inquisitive eyes of the woman there, who looked at him as though she were suspicious that some wild adventure was in the air. He was not able to lash himself into his former fury, his heart seemed to be dead. The hand of the woman he

loved had killed it. Even the thought of Peter did not rouse him. Hate, for the time being, was burning low.

In this mood he had come again to the spot where Lucy had fled from him. He had begun to wonder in which direction she had really gone. How was it that she had eluded him so quickly? He looked round him. Then there had been light enough to distinguish the nearer objects—a stunted thorn, the flash of the beck, the overhanging crags, but now all was undefined, and bleak. A little glitter, just beyond the left bank of the road, had caught his eye, and held him spell-bound. He had stared with growing understanding. On that side lay marshy ground, stretching away to the opposite fells, and yonder was Quaking Hag, shunned by all travelers, and forsaken of God. He had sunk on a stone, sobered by that which he saw, for the glittering mark was followed by another and yet another, until the misty nature of the night prevented further sight. They were the froth o' the marsh, a kind of putrified earth, which, when it has been trodden upon, shines like fire in the darkness.

He had just realized what the *igneum lutum* meant, when Barbara had come along the pass and he had accosted her.

"Barbara Lynn," he muttered, a note of suspicion creeping into his voice. "What the devil are you doing here?"

"I'm going home."

"Going home to Greystones! Have you seen Lucy?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

He did not reply for a moment, then said:

"Are you sure you haven't passed her?"

Barbara's blood began to quicken with vague doubts.

"Have you seen her?" she demanded.

"Has my sister been here?"

"Yes, I sent for her."

"And where is she now?"

"Gone home long ago."

"Thank God."

Barbara uttered the words with profound gratitude, then she turned sharply on the man. "You're doing wrong, Joel. Neither you nor Lucy have any right to meet in this way."

"It will never happen again," he said.

She started uneasily. Into her mind crept a fear that all was not well. She tried to read his face: the night was too dark and his manner baffled her.

But he rose suddenly, took her roughly by the arm, and turning her round, pointed to the shining marks.

"Do you know what they are?" he cried.

"I've seen them before," she said, "on such a night as this. They're footprints. Some one has been crossing the marsh." Horror crept over her, but before she could frame a question, he had jerked his hand in the direction of Quaking Hag.

"The fence is broken," he said, "there are gaps in it. Does Lucy know the place?"

"What do you mean, Joel? What has happened? You said Lucy had gone home."

"She ran away and left me. I don't know where she went: I don't know what's become of her. No doubt she's safe at home."

Barbara uttered no cry, no word of anguish, or condemnation. She stood for a moment as though frozen, then turned to the man beside her.

"God forgive you! Some ill may have happened to Lucy! Go to the inn," she said. "Go at once. Tell everyone to follow me to Quaking Hag."

He hesitated.

"Go," she cried. "Why do you stand there as if you hadn't heard? You're sober enough to know what may have happened."

"I'll help you to look for her," he doggedly replied.

"That's as you please. But you'll go to the inn first."

There was such a note of authority in her voice that he had to obey. He dared not do otherwise.

Barbara left the road, and followed the glittering prints that led away over the marsh. As she got nearer to it, the will o' the wisp shone here and there; the ground got softer, and she knew that slimy pools were opening out on every side. Now and again she called Lucy's name, but there was no answer. Utter silence closed round her. She went on, not daring to hope that she might find a trace of her sister. Quaking Hag kept whatsoever it took and told no secrets.

Her mind seemed to be stiff with horror. She could think of nothing save that she must go on, until she could go no further.

The footprints were Lucy's. She had run, in her blind fear, some way across the mire before she became aware of its nature. Her one idea had been to escape from Joel, and, when she was safe, steer, by any landmarks she could recognize, for Thundergay. She would not dare seek the Robber's Rake in case her pursuer laid in wait for her there. Now she realized that she was running in the direction of Quaking Hag, and stricken with horror, she would have given expression to it in a call for help, had not dread of Joel's finding her, controlled her tongue.

She paused in her flight and listened. But she could only hear the breaking of bubbles at her feet. Bewildered by the twilight, and the unfamiliar place, she lost herself among a maze of peat-pots. With every step she sank deeper in the ground.

Then afraid to go this way or that she stood still. Should she call? No one would hear her but Joel, and she

would rather spend the night here than see his face appearing through the darkness. She looked round. A light shone and flickered like a candle. Could the pack-horse track be so near, and was some one passing along it with a lantern?

She started forward again, but only to feel water ooze round her ankles. Another light shone for a moment to her right, then went out; one rose almost at her feet.

"The witch lights, the witch lights," she muttered, and sinking down upon the damp ground, she covered her eyes with her hand.

There was nothing for it but to wait till morning. She knew that by some mischance she had wandered right in among the quagmire and, as she saw the will-o'-the-wisps burn here and there, she wondered that she had not been sucked down to death. She saw the glitter of her own footsteps as the night darkened, but thought they were more witch-lights shining to lure her to her doom.

Numbed with cold, frightened to move, her teeth began to chatter, and her limbs shook until they became even too cold for that sign of life. She sank into a kind of stupor, from which she started at times, thinking that she heard footsteps creeping nearer. But it was only the marsh gas escaping with a sound like a low chuckle. She had no means of guessing the time. Often she thought that the night must be nearly past; it had lasted so long already. When the faintest light crept over the blackness of the sky, she hailed it as the coming of day, but it was only the moon rising behind the clouds.

After that followed a period of utter prostration, in which she saw and heard nothing. She was only conscious of an ever-present horror, which did not seem to have any outward source—she had lost all knowledge of the witch-lights and the marsh.

In this state of stupor Barbara found her.

"Lucy, Lucy," she said, lifting the girl in her arms, and though tears came hardly to her, she sobbed with thankfulness.

Lucy was roused at the sound.

"Save me, save me," she cried.

"You're all right," Barbara replied.

"See, I'll carry you through the mire, and then we'll jog along home. Great-granny will think we're both lost, so long out at this time o' year."

"It's nearly morning, isn't it?" asked the girl, clinging to her sister with both hands.

"Bless the bairn, no; not more than ten, at the latest."

She carried the light form as easily as if it had been a child, and retraced her steps. By the time she had reached firmer ground, she was met by the inn-keeper and two men with lanterns. She saw Joel hovering behind them; when she looked for him again he was gone.

She took the fainting girl to the Shepherd's Rest, and there spent the night, while a message was sent to Mistress Lynn to reassure her of their safety.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE WRITERS OF HAPPINESS.

In these fearful days we reach forward in thought and imagination to the times of peace that will come again. Never in our lives before did any of us hope and determine as we do now. Oh, the things we will strive for and the lives we will lead when the war is over—when the war is over! It will be as if we shall be born again when the war is done. It is a mere platitude now to say that all will be changed; but perhaps so many things will not be changed as is imagined, or at least they will not be changed of themselves. Life will still be much what we make of it; the volition of man will still count. But it is inevitable, man having aspirations and a conscience, that after this present anguish he, stricken and sore, will look everywhere, search in every place, for that which in suggestion is the antithesis of war and bloodshed and ugliness in the extreme. He will search and find solace and beauty in many places, and we may be sure that one of his happiest retreats will be in the garden of literature, in which new and beautiful flowers will begin to grow.

It is one of the most confident and reasonable of predictions that the war will make a considerable revolution in literature; never has there been a war that did not. And indeed we can well guess in general terms what kind of a revolution this will be. Purity will come back again; sweetness and beauty will shine from the pages; something will be done by writing and printing and reading to help the survivors of the cataclysm along this disappointing road of life. A new order of writers will arise. At present we can make no predictions about them, or of their kind of writing; but one would like to think that among them will be some possessing the genius and the felicity and the goodness of thought and word as do, say, Robert Louis Stevenson and Anatole France. For two or three reasons one makes mention of them now. In the very last days of peace I was sitting by the sea reading work of theirs and thinking something upon it which may here be expressed as it was thought at the time. Then of all writers these are the best to whom to go for relief in these war-oppressed days. If

you will make a trial of them you will find that it is so. I have gone back to the books I was reading in the sun of July, 1914. Since then we have been touched with the pathetic case of M. France, far gone in years but still young in mind, saying that in war-time we no longer needed his essays and his stories, and so he would go to be a soldier too, like all the rest of the burning patriots of splendid France. North to the front went Anatole France, and he asked for the uniform and the gun. But young limbs are needed for the war, and if M. France is not fighting now it is not his fault. He has done his duty; he did it for long before the war began, and will do it still when the war is ended. His duty is the spread of happy thoughts.

A happy community count Stevenson and Anatole France as writers who afford them most satisfaction and delight of mind. Indeed, one may suggest with confidence that they make up a separate community of themselves; that, as readers, they are a clear-cut entity with ideals and desires of their own which are suited by these masters as by no others, for while in their writings there are wide differences in thought, subject, and manner, they have in common two fundamental features of their literary system. The outlook of each of them upon the world and its meaning is essentially the same. You will always see in the world that for which you look. This is a simple corollary to the obvious truism that life is what you make it. The constant occupation of man for a long time past has been to seek out what is coarse and ugly.

If proof were required of such a suggestion, so uncomplimentary to the generation, it is presented in the leading pages of the most popular newspapers which in the times of peace were never without their reports of crimes, disasters, and other matters that caused

distress to unfortunate people concerned. If the domestic happiness of a man and woman, husband and wife, had been broken, and there had been proceedings in a court of law, letters were produced and published with a suggestion of ridicule. The beauty and purity of feeling which might underlie the words on these poor papers, which were never meant for any eyes other than those of the first receiver, were not searched for, not seen, not understood. Only a vulgarity, which never did exist, was observed by readers who in quality of mind and heart were far below the subjects of the drama which they considered. The modern readers of newspapers, being the bulk of the people, subconsciously prefer always the suggestion of ugliness and pain. At least they would have discomfort. They are only interested in the weather when it is too hot or too cold; when it is normal and pleasant, when they feel healthy and happy, and do their work and pleasures with comfort, there is nothing to be said. It might be suggested that in the normal and peaceful there is no news; but that is not a fair or honest answer. People like bad news, if it has no direct concern with themselves, better than good news. That has been proved in Fleet Street, which merely provides what is demanded. A newspaper that was produced to fulfil a policy of happiness, one that always shunned the unlovable and the ugly, would fail from its first number. Take any popular newspaper you please, and subject it to the test that is here suggested, and you will find that the majority of its articles and paragraphs in the peace-time belonged to the unhappy as against the happy class. It is a state of things resulting from the circumstances of the age, and need not be inquired into. The fact stands forth that we are encouraged to see a world that is not beautiful.



Now there are many writers who search for the beautiful in life and in the world. It is the true function of the artist. Yet it seems to the community we have indicated that the writers named, the one a Scot and dead, and the other a living Frenchman, have had a happier look on life than others of the moderns, and in what they have written their own happiness of heart and their love of the beautiful and the good have run from their pens in a sweet, melodious song. Each of these men has been a sincere and devout worshiper of beauty in all things of the earth, and they have seen it everywhere. The one lived and the other still lives in a world of sunshine and light. They have regarded the main essentials to proper life as being an appreciation of the beautiful and the good and of love, for without love it seemed to them the soul would shrink and die. They have always been optimists; they have believed when others have doubted. They have smiled when the rest have groaned. They have seen love and beauty in the meanest lives, and in art and its purposes they have always rejoiced. What they have felt they have written in precisely the right tone of expression, and it is not an easy tone to sound. Their thoughts have glided smoothly through their printed pages; their phrasing is always light and happy; the warmth of life is always in their words. There are peculiarities of style which are common to each of them. Stevenson trips through his pages ever so lightly, sometimes with gaiety, commonly with a sudden originality of thought. One would say that Anatole France (who does so much love the good and pure for all his being declared an utter sceptic) is the more dignified, were it possible to imagine Stevenson as in the least degree undignified. But while in the French writer there is always the beauty of idea and the most felicitous expression,

there is a certain stateliness about his sentences that serves to exalt the reader. There surrounds the work of each of these writers as of hardly any other that one can recall a delicious fragrance of happiness and love, the perfume of the good and beautiful. Those who would gather happiness from life and the world must bring happiness to it; hence the community of admirers of whom we speak have good hearts and minds.

Is there a happier, more soothing bedside book on the shelves than the *Letters of Stevenson*, as edited by Sir Sidney Colvin? And I recall that in one of those letters, written about the beginning of 1887, he said a pretty thing about good writing, which, written then in reference to a critic who is still alive, might with the most perfect suitability be applied to his own work and that of the French essayist. Said Stevenson, in his letter to Mr. Henry James: "It is a pleasant thing to see a man who can use a pen; he can, really says what he means, and says it with a manner; comes into print like one at his ease, not shamefaced, and wrong-foot-foremost, like the bulk of us." And these two of whom we speak are writers of the most perfect grace and ease; and if Stevenson may be read for his happiness at night, M. France, for his courage in optimism and stimulation to ideals, should have the first influence on the morn-awakened mind. The community has a reason for presenting a statement of its preferences at this moment, for it happens by a coincidence that from each of its masters it has lately gained a boon. To the volumes of Stevenson's letters that we have enjoyed for a long time past there have been added recently a few fragments that have never before been published, written for the most part when he was very young, and looking a little anxiously, a little wonderingly, and perhaps a little doubt-

fully upon the life that lay before him. From M. France, with the most admirable assistance of Mr. A. W. Evans in the capacity of translator, we have gained the second series of *La Vie Littéraire*, or "On Life and Letters," as it is called in the excellent English form in which it is being published by Mr. John Lane. It is some two or three years since the first of these translated volumes appeared, and it was so well done that we have waited somewhat impatiently for the second. The original work in the French, consisting as it does for the most part of critical essays which the author contributed to *Le Temps* was issued in four volumes, and the translation is following the same system. In a general way one always must view translations with a certain degree of doubt. The thoughts of a writer blossom to perfection only in their own literary soil, the native words; in the best of translations some of the music of the phrases must be lost. But again, except in the most infrequent case of the foreign reader being as well accustomed to the writer's language as to his own, not merely in the speaking and writing sense, but in that of knowing its inner soul, realizing every nuance of expression, meaning, and timing of the syllables, more is lost by the reader's attempt to reach the mind of the writer through his own language in the original than would be by the acceptance of translation. That seems to me to be a fair statement of the rights and wrongs of reading translations, a matter that so much disturbs the minds of earnest and conscientious readers. In the case of Mr. Evans's translations of M. France's work it need not worry, for the translator has been at pains to comprehend very thoroughly the peculiar graces, the subtle beauties, of his author's style, and the result is work in which nothing of the original good appears to have been lost.

Reverting to Stevenson, the large number of new letters of his that were lately given to the public are perhaps not in themselves of deep consequence, and give us little new information about the doings, the work, or the thoughts of R. L. S. that we did not know; but to Stevensonians all that comes new to them is welcomed and is precious. These letters have been yielded up by his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osborne. The first of them is dated early in 1873, when he was only twenty-three years of age. He was then still pottering about with studies for the law, and the literary life was barely more than a dream for him. It was a strange time to be settling down in a spirit of melancholy resignation to a life of mere peace and quietness; but listen to this philosophy: "I think now, this 5th or 6th April 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year, a very quiet, desultory studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognize that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey, not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall." All are familiar with the unhappy feeling that came to exist between Stevenson and his father because of the former's critical attitude toward Christianity, and one of these new letters, written by him from a Parisian café to his parents, when he was twenty-eight, has some special interest. "I have had some sharp lessons," he says, "and some very acute sufferings in these last seven-and-twenty years; more than even you would guess. I begin to grow an old man; a little sharp, I fear, and a little close and unfriendly; but still I have a good heart and believe in myself and my fellowmen, and the God who made us all. . . . There are not many

sadder people in the world, perhaps, than I; I have my eye on a sickbed. . . . Two years ago, I think, I was as bad a man as was consistent with my character. And of all that has happened to me since then, strange as it may seem to you, everything has been, in one way or another, bringing me a little nearer to what I think you would like me to be. 'Tis a strange world indeed, but there is a manifest God for those who care to look for Him. This is a very solemn letter from my surroundings in this busy café; but I had it in my heart to write it; and indeed I was out of the humor for anything lighter."

It happens inevitably that there are some who will disagree with the critic's point of view, and object to his conclusions, and M. France is occasionally accused of missing an obvious truth in the application of his critical faculties to a subject with which he engages. To some he appears, so much are his investigations devoted to the discovery and advertisement of the beautiful, to be too little censorious, a too reluctant fault-finder. The prefaces to each of the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire* count among his most perfect and graceful work; that to the first volume is a classic among essays in French. There is a sentence in it in which the author decides that "the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces." Such adventures are to be joyous, and so we have M. France continually pleased and benign. Yet this apostle of the good has a power of bitter denunciation when roused to it that is the more bitter for its infrequent employment. In the whole range of literary criticism has there ever been anything fiercer, more scathing, than the essay which appears in the first of the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire* in which he denounced Zola for his *La Terre* on its publication? It is unforgettable. At the end of a

terrific onslaught the champion of purity and beauty in life wrote thus: "There is in us all, in the small as well as in the great, in the humble as well as in the lofty, an instinct of beauty, a desire for all that adorns and beautifies, and this, spread throughout the world, makes the charm of life. M. Zola does not know it. There is in man an infinite need for loving which makes him divine. M. Zola does not know it. Desire and modesty are sometimes charmingly blended in human souls. M. Zola does not know it. There are on earth magnificent forms and noble thoughts. M. Zola does not know it. Even many weaknesses, many errors, and many faults have a touching beauty of their own. Grief is sacred. The sanctity of tears is at the base of all religions. Misery should suffice to make a man august in the sight of men. M. Zola does not know it. He does not know that the graces are seemly, that philosophic irony is indulgent and gentle, and that human failings inspire only two feelings in well-regulated minds: admiration or pity. M. Zola is entitled to the deepest pity."

It is with this castigation in mind that English readers of the second translated volume turn with expectancy to the chapter headed "M. Zola's Purity," embracing the critic's comments on *Le Rêve*, which Zola had just then published. Zola had determined on giving out something less unpleasantly pungent in its utter naturalism than his former works, a novel that "might be put into the hands of all women and even of young girls." It was advertised that the new story was chaste, and that the novelist had determined on a purely idealistic flight, a soaring toward what is most poetically gracious and affecting. Then the critic complained that Zola could not be modest without publishing it in the newspapers; he would have had a less noisy chastity. He said: "The

author of *Le Rêve* confided one day to his shadow his desire to be quit of our mire and to soar into the empyrean, and next day all Paris knew that he had grown wings. They were described, they were measured; they were white, and like the wings of doves." He continues: "I confess that M. Zola's purity seems to me very meritorious. It costs him dear; he has paid for it with all his talent. One does not find a trace of this talent in the three hundred pages of *Le Rêve*. . . . When he does not force his talent, M. Zola is excellent. He is without a rival in painting washer-women and zinc-workers. I confide it to you in a whisper: *L'Assommoir* delighted me. I have read ten times and with unmixed joy the marriage of Coupeau, the feat on the goose, and Nana's first communion. They are admirable pictures, full of color, movement, and life. But one man is not qualified to paint everything. The most skilful artist can comprehend, seize, and express only what he has in common with his models; or, to put it more clearly, he never paints anything but himself. Some, in truth, such as Shakespeare, have represented the universe. That is because they had an all-embracing soul. Without offense to M. Zola, his soul is not of that sort. . . . This chief of the naturalist school affronts nature every moment."

Such a flame of anger is welcome for occasional relief, and a reassurance that in the ideal of the essayist there is no exaggerated softness. For the most part his happy thoughts, his inspirations in aphorism, flow evenly and pleasantly through the pages. Again, his preface is charming. "There is a means of attracting," he says, "which is within the reach of the most humble, and that is naturalness. One seems to be almost attractive as soon as one is absolutely true. It is because I have given myself completely that I have deserved some unknown friends. The only cleverness

LIVING AGE, VOL. II, No. 79.

of which I am capable is not to hide my faults." Here: "When the road is strewn with flowers do not ask whither it leads"; and there: "Life teaches us that we are never happy except at the price of some ignorance." And: "All books in general, and even the most admirable, seem to me infinitely less precious for what they contain than for what he who reads puts into them. The best, in my opinion, are those that are most suggestive, and suggestive of the most diverse things. He is soliloquizing on a new poem by Sully-Prudhomme, *Le Bonheur*, when he writes: "It is impossible, in truth, to invent anything. Our whole imagination is made up of memories. We have even manufactured heaven out of materials taken from earth. The myrtles of the Elysian fields are to be found in our gardens, and the angels' harps come from our lute-makers. The nameless planet to which the poet carries us is more beautiful and pleasanter than ours, but it contains nothing which earth does not contain. . . . It may well be that the universe is upon the whole monotonous enough, and that it does not deserve the insatiable curiosity with which it inspires us." He says again in these comments on happiness: "We have love on earth, but it is at the price of death. If we were not destined to perish, love would be something inconceivable."

What is the most beautiful thing in the world? Standards and definitions may have to be hard thought upon before to ourselves a satisfying answer may be given. Might we not agree that a little child, with the sublimity of its innocence, its purity and its pathos, the majesty of its simplicity and the utter compassion which its trust inspires, is the most beautiful? For it excites the tenderest and noblest emotions in those who contemplate it. The pathos of its situation, of its innocence and its trust, is something that is

not quite of the world, and truly no child is of the earth and plain humanity until its absolute innocence and belief have been cankered by the first doubt. We should be pleased, therefore, to listen to the essayist when he touches upon a subject concerned with little children, for we can nearly imagine his treatment. He had read a book of children's tales, and he tells us that with the author thereof he believes in the souls of toys, and goes forth to a delightful demonstration.

See: "For my own part I do not hesitate to formulate my creed. I believe in the immortal soul of Punch. I believe in the majesty of marionettes and dolls. Doubtless there is nothing human according to the flesh in those little personages of wood or cardboard, but there is in them something divine, however little it may be. They do not live as we do, but still they live. They live the life of the immortal gods. . . . For, look you, they are like the lesser idols of antiquity. They bear even a still closer resemblance to those ruder figures by which savages attempt to show the invisible. And what should they be like if not idols, since they are themselves idols? Theirs is an absolutely religious function. They bring to little children the only vision of the divine which would be intelligible to them. They represent all the religion which is accessible to tender years. They are the cause of  
Chambers's Journal.

our earliest dreams. They inspire our first fears and our first hopes. Pierrot and Punch contain as much divine anthropomorphism as brains, as yet scarce fashioned though terribly active, can conceive. They are the Hermes and the Zeus of our babies. And every doll is to this day a Proserpine, a Cora, for our little girls. I would have these words taken in their most literal sense. Children are born religious. M. Hovelacque and his municipal council do not perceive a god anywhere. Children see them everywhere. Their interpretation of nature is mystic and religious. I will even say that they have more relations with gods than with men, and this proposition will not appear strange if we remember that since the divine is the unknown, the idea of the divine is the first which must engage the attention of growing thought. . . . Since children, then, are born religious, they worship their toys. They ask of their toys what men have always asked of their gods: joy and forgetfulness, the revelation of mysterious harmonies, the secret of being." My bookseller tells me now that he sells more of the works of M. France in both French and English than he does of many English writers of high repute. It is so much to the good for readers. I have few desires so keen as to read the first work that M. France will write after the war is ended.

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### THE "FRIENDS" IN FRANCE.

The work of the "Friends" in France is one of the fair sides of the war; for wherever their gray uniforms pass some scar is healed, some hope is born, and by giving generously of human sympathy they have helped suffering people to forget something of human brutality. The authentic title of their

organization in France is "La Société des Amis," but it pleases the French people to speak of them in familiar phrase as "Les Quakers," and the average Frenchman's conception of their particular religious creed is delightfully vague and fantastic. The only point on which he is quite clear is the Friends'



claim to be non-combatants by conviction.

In 1870 the Friends came over to France in a small band and worked behind the French armies, distributing food and clothing to impoverished civilians and giving medical aid to all who needed it. Their number was few, but they won golden opinions and did excellent work which has been remembered and recorded. In 1914, inspired by the same desire to help, they sent over another Relief Expedition, based on the same lines as that of 1870. A committee was formed in England and negotiations by means of French intermediaries were begun with the French Government. The Friends offered to send over doctors, nurses, and general helpers to do whatever was possible to relieve the distress among the civil population of the invaded districts. After some weeks of discussion their offer was accepted, and at the same time permission was given to all members of the society to wear the black and crimson star which had been given as a badge to those members of the society who had worked in France forty-four years ago.

The aim of the Friends has always been to work for civilians, and although the course of events has caused them to give help to soldiers in many instances and even to have one of their ambulances working quite near the Front, it is among civilians that the greater part of their work has been done. When they began operations in the autumn of 1914 they were faced with a task that might have dismayed a less brave people, for the country was still trembling from the shock of the German invasion. Refugees were pouring down towards Paris, and in the villages through which the Germans had passed the remaining inhabitants were paralyzed by fear as the result of the brief but brutal occupation by the enemy.

Under the orders of General Azibert the Friends worked behind the 5th French Army, in the cantons of Montmirail, Esternay, and Fère-Champenoise. Their first center was at Esternay, from which point they sent out doctors, nurses, architects, builders, sanitary experts and men-of-all-work to inquire into and remedy whatever ill came within their scope. Destruction, sickness, death, and the direst poverty faced them on all sides, but the worst thing they had to fight against in those days was the haunting fear in the hearts of all those who had suffered, and were still suffering, that the "gray flood" would come again. They had seen the German army in all its arrogant pride sweep across the land, leaving behind it such terrible proofs of its strength that they could not believe it to be irretrievably held in check. The very thought of it paralyzed them, and it was only when this fear was subdued that they found heart to begin life again with the help of the Friends.

Strange tales were told in those early days, and the Friends as they went about among the peasantry, had hard, stern proofs of German brutality. But, like Jane Austen, they "willingly quit such odious subjects as guilt and misery, and are impatient to restore everybody, not greatly in fault themselves, to tolerable comfort." Therefore, when you talk to the Friends you do not hear much of horrors and atrocities, but you learn a great deal about quiet endurance, self-denial, and the power to "begin again" in the face of disaster. In a little book, "Behind the Battle Lines in France," written for private circulation by Mr. Harvey, one of the Friends, there are many stories which bear witness to the French peasant's fine qualities, and which refute the tradition that he is beyond all things grasping and uncharitable. "Happy is the people that has such a peasantry," says Mr.

Harvey, and as you read the countless stories of women who have set aside their own safety to promote the security of others, who have given half of their little all to help a neighbor, who have offered to care for orphaned children when already their own quiver was more than full, you are convinced that he is right. It was among such people that the Friends distributed food and clothing in abundance, for it was those things which were greatly needed. At the same time, and with an orderly rapidity that was suggestive of magic, they established centers for medical aid and sent out district nurses; they started their hut-building depots and began to rebuild brick and stone houses out of the old materials. They pervaded the unhappy districts like an army of good genii, and before their unobtrusive way of doing good even the suspicions of this homekeeping peasant people sank to rest.

At the end of December they changed their center from Esternay to Fère-Champenoise, where they established a hut-building depot, a provision depot, and, with a staff of doctor and nurses, worked in twenty neighboring communes, distributing relief of all kinds. Their gray motor cars, with the inscription "Mission Anglaise" written on them, went all over the countryside, strictly but kindly watched over by the military authorities, and warmly supported by all civilian officials and private individuals. The practical gray uniforms of both men and women had become familiar features in the landscape, and their wearers were accepted wherever they went as workers of great value.

In the meantime another group of workers had established a maternity hospital at Châlons-sur-Marne, by the request of the Préfet. They were offered the use of a part of the *Asile des Vieillards*, which stands on the outskirts of the town, and in the name

of the department the Préfet undertook to pay all the domestic charges of the hospital if the Friends would be responsible for the provision of the medical staff and equipment. Under these conditions the hospital was opened, and it has proved a valuable refuge for mothers and children who have come from the devastated districts. It relieved the town hospital, which was greatly strained, and it has proved itself very elastic in its resources, for it goes much further than its title of "maternity" suggests. Added to the maternity wards, it has a crèche and quite a big out-patients' department, run on peculiarly pleasant lines; the consultation days are called "our at-home days," and they mean nourishment as well as medicine, and gifts of clothing go with good advice.

The difficulties of beginning the Châlons work were many, and an "Asile," even at its best, is a depressing institution. It looks and feels like a workhouse of the least prepossessing kind, and the inmates appear to belong to that unhappy fringe of humanity which, for one reason or another, is wanting in wit. In one of the unlovely red-brick blocks of the Châlons Asile the Friends installed themselves last December, and found even in their quarters a remnant of that poor humanity for which the building had been constructed; twenty silent, foolish-looking old women sat doing nothing in a ground-floor room, and formed a mute, indifferent audience to the Friends' activities. They watched the goings and comings, they assisted at all the meals. And although so little comprehending and so harmless, they were grim, uncomfortable guests to have always at the board. Thus, when the Préfet had them removed a sigh of relief went up from all the staff.

A less easily disposed of factor was the dirt of the place, for to make the amateur French domestic staff clean

according to English hospital rules was not an easy thing to do. The cold was another adversary, and the glory of "serving" was dim in the minds of most as they shivered through meals in an icy room and crept along arctic passages to bed. But the day's work was hard enough to make them sleep the heavy sleep of exhaustion until they were called in the gray dawn of another day to begin again.

Many tragic cases have been nursed in the Châlons wards, and it was only with the coming of spring that the Friends began to see wide effects of their winter's work. Women who had come into them almost dead from having given birth to their children in cold, damp cellars; children who were half starved because their mothers had been unable to get food for them; homeless, orphaned babies; mothers who had got separated from their children, were among their many patients, and although they lost a few the majority flourished and grew fat. To such as these the bare wards (clean and dainty after a struggle between the ward maids and the matron) were havens of rest, and between the women who nursed and those who were being nursed a mutual respect had grown up. Both sides avoided any familiarity or undue curiosity, and the matron told me she was immensely impressed by the courage, common sense, and competence of the average French woman of the people. "They are good wives and good mothers, and their simple trust in the *Bon Dieu* is encouraging to see."

In the crèche on the ground floor life ran to a livelier measure than in the wards, and a certain "Roland" of five or six summers was continually being called to order for leading his elders astray. In the common room, nurses off duty could rest in basket chairs, the only sign of luxury in the hospital, and there visitors were received and Friends

who were passing through the town would come and get a meal. There was a hint of Quaker simplicity in everything, and I could not but think of Charles Lamb when he wrote in his "Quakers' Meeting":

"When the spirit is sore fettered, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined present an uniformity . . . and cleanliness in them is something more than the absence of its contrary."

We know, of course, that many of the Friends who are working in France are not Quakers, but they are all working under the spell of the Quaker spirit, a very healing one to have abroad just now, whatever different convictions one may hold personally.

The reconstruction work of the Society in the different departments of the country rapidly increased as the spring advanced. At Vitry-le-François, where General Joffre had his Headquarters in the worst days of the Marne battle, there is an important depot, and on a beautiful summer's day we visited the little town and saw with what simplicity and effectiveness the Friends carry on their work. They had been allotted a school-house with some surrounding sheds, and there, with their accustomed modesty, they had installed offices, provision depot, carpenters' sheds, and motor garage. About a dozen territorial soldiers were working with them on that particular day, and a wooden house was being made as fast as hands could make it. They showed us plans of the different sizes they were in the habit of making; some had four rooms, some three, and the smallest two. Each had a double roof, with a corrugated iron or tarpaulin covering. The walls are draught-

proof, and there are good windows and fireplaces. Compared with many a thatched cottage that I know, these temporary shelters are magnificent, and if, as French people say, it is "Le 'provisoire' qui dure le plus longtemps en France," the Quaker huts are likely to be the homes of those to whom they were given for quite a long time. When a hut is complete in all its separate parts, these parts are loaded on to one of the Friends' motor lorries and carted off to the place for which the hut is destined. There the Friends put it up and leave it in the hands of those whose business it is to furnish it. Up to August, 1915, 230 huts and houses have been built and repaired in different villages of the Marne, the Aisne, and the Meuse, and, encouraged by this constructive work of the Friends, the inhabitants themselves have put up and repaired many more out of old materials. In this way a friendly and wholesome spirit of rivalry has grown up between the Friendly builders and the natives, which acts as a spur to all. One Frenchman scored a great triumph over the English workers when he announced that *his* house had a parquet floor, which was more than any of the Friends could boast. And no one was more delighted than the Friends when they heard the news; for, with all their generosity and love of charitableness, they know that there is no help like that which comes from the people themselves to promote a lasting cure for the misfortunes which have fallen on them and on their land.

Perfect good feeling exists between the English Mission and the French authorities; the Church, the State, and the Army work hand in hand with it, and although the restrictions as to the movements of the Friendly members are necessarily severe, they have not hampered the work in any serious sense. At Sermaize, where the devastation wrought by the enemy was very

serious, the Friends have done most excellent work. Before the war, Sermaize was a smiling little town known as Sermaize-les-Bains; it had 4000 inhabitants and about 1000 houses. After the German occupation only 200 houses were left standing, and the inhabitants who remained were stricken with fear and threatened with starvation and disease. It was in this state that the Friends found the town and its people; now it has been restored to health and comparative prosperity. The sanitary experts have cleansed the wells and the drains, the builders have restored a certain number of houses, the doctors and nurses have established a hospital in a part of the neglected thermal establishment, and in another part of the building they run a little maternity school. The agricultural members of the society have cultivated a small farm from which they can supply vegetables for the family *pot-au-feu*. Moreover, food and clothing, furniture, and household linen have been distributed widely. The work has not been easy in spite of the courageous way in which the peasants themselves seconded the Friends, and the authorities and richer members of the population supported their efforts; because no sooner was one evil mastered than another grew up in its place. Thus, as soon as the town seemed fairly on the way to health and comfort, summer came and brought with it dangerous flies. "And," said a Quaker lady to me, "would you believe it, there was not a meat safe in Sermaize." With fairy godmother-like celerity, the Friends ordered meat safes by the score, and "of all the gifts they have had given them," resumed the Quaker lady, "the housewives seemed to appreciate these *gardes-manger* the most." For many miles round Sermaize the peasants come for medical and material relief, and other working centers are now established at Maurupt, Fontenelle,

Haussingement, Etrepy, Huiro, Nettancourt, Villers-sur-Vents, and Sommeilles. They all work on the same lines as those already spoken of, with here and there a pleasant variation in the form of a neighboring château which has been turned into a convalescent home for women and children, such as the one at Bettancourt-le-Longue.

A very important Agricultural Relief section is also developing immense proportions as the seasons come and go, leaving northern France still in the enemy's occupation; and under an expert's direction the Society of Friends has been able to help many peasant farmers to till and sow and reap their ground, so that the harvest, even in the devastated regions, has not been a failure. The efforts of the Friends have been strengthened by the support of the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee, by the American Relief Clearing-House, and by the French Agricultural Society. In many cases only women remained on the farms to do the work, and nowhere could men of strong working age be found; old men or boys provided the only masculine labor, but the women are so much in the habit of working on the land that they soon showed an aptitude for all sides of farm work, even for that of ploughing. Where the labor was of such a kind that the women could not do it, the Friends willingly "lent a hand."

Everything was wanted on the farms over which the Germans had passed, for they carried out the work of destruction very thoroughly. Machines, tools, crops, and even the manure-heaps were burned ruthlessly, as well as the farmhouses and buildings with all their contents. Consequently, all these things had to be supplied. Last spring 1250 packages of vegetable seeds, each package holding fourteen different kinds of seeds, were distributed in the department of the Marne, and 500 in the Meuse, with 800 lb. of beetroot, 400

lb. of sainfoin, 360 lb. of clover, 180 lb. of carrots, and 50,000 cabbages. Round Fère-Champenoise alone 10,000 lb. of potatoes were sent out and large quantities of artificial manure. As the hay harvest approached, 72 new mowing machines were delivered and 86 old ones were repaired. Later on, 38 new binders were given, 20 of which were presented by the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee, and 5 by the American Relief Clearing-House. About 71 old binders were repaired, and it was no uncommon thing for reapers and binders to be worked by young Englishmen who in other days were more used to playing the piano than working on a farm. Thrashing flails have been given out this autumn, and it is proposed to have steam ploughs ready for the spring work. Live stock in the form of rabbits and poultry have been supplied to many of the small farmers to encourage the women to take up poultry-farming, and it is hoped later on to send stock of a heavier kind, for the loss in sheep and cattle has been deplorably great.

The work of the women Friends is not limited to the hospitals or the district nursing, but extends over a wide housekeeping field. Many of them are learning as well as teaching, for the French peasant is no mean cook and is handy with her needle. The English Friend is working with these women as well as for them, and when a wooden hut is furnished they exchange ideas on housekeeping which are mutually beneficial. A French kitchen and a French linen chest are generally well furnished, and in finding out what the peasant women think essential to a house the Englishwoman has come to a clearer understanding of the French character, even as the Frenchwoman is learning something of the simple comfort, which naturally surrounds the educated working women of England. The work and expense of furnishing the ruined



homes of the French peasants have been heavy, and although a French society, *Le Bon Gîte*, has been very helpful in this particular section of the work, the bulk of the charge has fallen on the resources of the Friends. Up to August of last year 553 huge bales of material had been sent over from England, as well as something like 120,000 articles of clothing. Most of the heavy furniture is bought in France to save delay and expense in transport, and some idea of what is being spent on this part of the work may be gathered by learning that the total cost of the Friends' work in France is £4000 a month even in its least expensive periods. Added to this, the French departments where they work make them an allowance of £140 a month, and it is not unlikely that they will receive further support for their agricultural work from the French Agricultural Society, which appreciates very keenly the past efforts and the plans for the future.

The number of Friends working in France at the end of 1915 was 150, whereas in 1914 there were only 32. With the exception of one or two of the

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

fully-trained nurses, none of the members of the Society receive salaries, and all who can afford it pay their own expenses and give generously to the funds. There has been some difficulty in getting permanent doctors in the different hospital centers, and as the war goes on the work falls more and more on the shoulders of women doctors, one of whom is responsible for the original idea of the expedition, and has worked untiringly and unceasingly in France ever since last autumn. It is difficult not to speak in glowing, enthusiastic tones of the work of the Friends in France, but there is something about their way of being and doing which makes anything beyond a subdued and sincere appreciation of them seem out of place, and even a little presumptuous. They themselves have shown such exquisite tact in their dealings with a foreign people, with a people professing a different creed, and at a time when nationality is, indeed, up in arms, no matter how peaceful a mission may be, that to fall into too vivid praise of all they have done would be to miss the very spirit of their undertaking.

*M. E. Clarke.*

### A GREEN ENGLISHMAN.

Peregrine, being the fool of the family, was sent to Canada to make his fortune. His brothers were put into those creditable and expensive professions which the Boynes had adorned for several generations. Their allowances were considerable, and on these they grumbled luxuriously, and intended so to grumble until the demise of various elderly relations of comfortable means should relieve them of the odious limitations of impecuniosity. Each of the Boynes felt aggrieved that they belonged to a family of five sons and two daughters. They frequently compared themselves with members of smaller families

who were much better off, and they were quite unable to see any advantage in numerical superiority. Peregrine's eldest brother even went so far as to say that large families were a survival of the dark ages.

It was at Christmas-time that they used to feel their numbers most severely, for at Christmas-time there was always a family gathering at the family mansion, known as "our place," and it was then that the brothers and sisters used to look sorrowfully at each other, and say in a tone of disgust, "What a lot of us there are!" Colonel Boyne's bachelor brother was always present on these

occasions, and it was believed that he looked on grimly and with an inward feeling of self-congratulation at his nephews and nieces during his yearly visit to them. The girls were aware that they were not married when he came to see them, and the boys had a hideous and hitherto unsuspected notion that they were not self-supporting. Their father always failed them during their uncle's visit: when they were younger they had suspected him of alluding to them collectively as a "handful." When they grew older they were aware that his pride, which they believed he concealed from them with some difficulty, gave place even to such disloyal sentiments as, "I believe bachelors have the best of it after all."

"What am I to do with them, Tom?" he said.

"Plant 'em out, plant 'em out; they're too much at home," said his brother.

But it was from Simmons that the idea of Canada as a Tremendous Possibility came.

Simmons was valuable and stout and a butler; and when Simmons suggested that Canada was the country to which to go the journey was connected in his wonderful mind with taking a ticket and getting on board a boat, whereas all excursions on the part of the Boynes meant sitting at home and saying how much they would like to travel.

The house of Boyne was wisely and well ruled by Simmons. When he lapsed into tyranny Lady Agnita Boyne always alluded to him as a faithful servant, and hoped that thereby she preserved her dignity.

Simmons read *Tit-Bits*, and knew nearly everything. Without him everyone knew that the house of Boyne would inevitably fall. He had a feeling for trains which made him know, as by a sort of instinct, at what time they started and at what time they arrived. He could keep a whole list of silver-plate

in his head, and he studied politics. He lived in the pantry and glorified it, and he drew on his coat at least twenty times a day when he was called forth from his lair to give assistance and supply advice, to find the hammer or stop the pedal of the piano from squeaking, or even to say offhand the date of creation of a peerage and the proper precedence involved by it. He was paternal in his manner, and was known to have saved a bit.

Colonel Boyne sought him on a flimsy pretext of going through the wine-cellar during one of the dejected periods which followed on his brother's visit.

He discussed "sons" in the abstract while pretending to count the contents of a bin of port wine.

"Canada," said Simmons.

Simmons knew all about Canada; he had a sister at Glen Mar, Alb., who was doing well. He said that fortunes were still to be made there, whatever might be alleged to the contrary, and he talked about real estate as if he had been born west of Winnipeg. Colonel Boyne began to buy every magazine that contained a Canadian article in it: he was enormously interested in all he read, and he said to himself, and subsequently to his wife, that he could trust the other boys to get on fairly well in the world, but Peregrine must be sent to Canada; he had always been backward; Canada was a chance for him.

"Peregrine," said Lady Agnita, "is not such a fool as he looks."

"He wouldn't need to be," said his father.

It came to the family of Boyne with a sense of inevitableness that Peregrine must go to Canada. His brothers said they envied him, and his sisters talked of coming out there some day. His fortune seemed made if only his father could maintain a determination to give him no money. All the magazine literature he had read, all the conver-

sations he had had with men who knew had shown Colonel Boyne unflinchingly that no remittance man could have a chance in Canada. He meant to do his duty nobly and to withhold remittances. He even suggested a second-class passage on board the boat in order to make a man of Peregrine.

"Then," said Peregrine, "I'll take the difference in cash." Peregrine had no conscientious objections to remittances.

"He ought to have a fur-lined coat—I know he ought," said one of his sisters, whom the thought of parting was making tender-hearted. All she knew about Canada was that people wore fur-lined coats there. Her suggestion was adopted; everyone began to be aware that Peregrine ought to have a fur-lined coat, and the indulgence was acceded to the youth, with inward reservations about the dangers of coddling. It was really better that he should rough it—all the successful men in Canada had gone there without fur-lined coats—but the Boynes would feel happier about Peregrine if they knew he was warm.

Lady Agnita sighed a little when she thought of his departure. His father talked about the Empire, and believed that he was doing his duty by his country in sending his youngest son to fare forth into the wilds. The sisters felt a tribal sense of adventure in his exploit, and the elder brothers were inclined to say that Peregrine was the only one of them who was having a fair chance. "It would have been much better," they said, "if the governor had sent us all out there instead of cursing us with a competence at home."

But, when Simmons announced his intention of seeking his fortune in the West also, the consternation of the household amounted almost to tragedy. Lady Agnita, who had often preached the inadvisability of asking servants to stay on when they wished to leave,

allowed a feeling of disaster to overcome her dignity, and she frankly and without disguise begged the butler to remain. Colonel Boyne said, "Leave me to manage him," and he requested his faithful servant to come and speak to him in the library after breakfast. The younger members of the family in solemn conclave thought it could not have been worse even if Simmons had married. All their lives they had been afraid of this adventure on the part of the faithful one. They trembled when their mother had a good-looking maid. Now they urged even matrimony as a way out of the difficulty. Married, Simmons would undoubtedly "sleep out," but during the day he could get in and out of his coat as usual, he could look up trains, he could pack boxes, he could bring hunting kits to the proper station to meet hunting members of the family, he would still know the exact shade of temperature which would warrant Lady Agnita in having the thin carriage rug or the thick one. He would even remind his employers, as he sometimes did, on what days family birthdays fell, and would still have, as he always had, a spare fiver to lend any son of the house who was more than usually hard up.

Lady Agnita played matrimony as her last card.

"I don't 'old with matrimony, my Lady," said the butler.

She wished she had not met trouble half-way in this matter, and fell back weakly on the suggestion of a pension, which, however, should only be Simmons's if he were still in service with the Boynes at the time of his master's death.

Simmons was respectful, grateful, but firm, and his employers could only endeavor to conceal from him their deep conviction of the calamity which was to overtake them. Colonel Boyne began to make out with difficulty a list of his possessions, and found that he was

quite unaware where anything was, or what he owned. Lady Agnita "went through" the silver, and became sentimental over long-forgotten marriage presents which she found in the strong-room, and returned interested and refreshed, but none the wiser, to the drawing-room. The young men of the family asked Simmons what clothes they possessed, and the ladies wished to know where he was in the habit of ordering this or that. The Prop and Stay was to be removed, and all prepared themselves with what courage they had to meet the impending calamity.

Peregrine and Simmons left on the same day, to sail by the same boat for Canada, and the stricken family of Boyne told themselves that they were feeling Peregrine's departure more deeply than they had anticipated.

Peregrine had a first-class ticket, and spent most of his time on board ship on the deck of the second-class with his father's butler. He had a great deal of luggage, many pairs of pajamas and dress-clothes and silk socks. So large an outfit might have been inconvenient had not Simmons packed and unpacked for him and tidied his cabin every morning.

Simmons was extraordinarily good company. He knew the whole of the gossip of the ship before he had been two days on board of her. He was never troubled by seasickness, and this he ascribed to his moderation in eating and drinking. On the other hand, he was tenderness itself to those who suffered from the piteous malady, and even in their weakest moments he was able to find excuses for them in a way that saved their self-respect.

For instance, when Peregrine said to him, "Simmons, I am feeling uncommonly queer," Simmons was able to explain his condition, which, he pointed out, was entirely due to the remarkable weather they were having.

"Sir," he used to say, "it's this stiff breeze with the underground swell that's doing for you." And even when the younger man said to him, with drooping jaw and pallid cheek, "Simmons, there's nothing for it, I must go below," Simmons, while guiding his serpentine path across the deck, said solemnly, "Do you know, sir, there's even some of the crew turned up very queer this morning?"

He was always consoling, and he became very nautical while at sea. A pilot's jacket with brass buttons adorned his figure, and he wore a peaked nautical cap. The second-class stewardess gave him her photograph, and asked for his in return. He organized games, and was very popular on board the *Empress of Scotland*. Once under pressure of persuasion, he recited "The Death of Montrose" in the saloon.

The custom-house officers alone were able to disturb his good-humor and the perfectly controlled temper which had adorned his character for forty-seven years. That anyone should touch Simmons's portmanteau or his master's was deemed by him an outrage so unpardonable that he could hardly speak of it in his usual high-bred accent.

"It's democracy gone mad," he said, "it's socialism in one of its most aggravated forms forced upon us before we have even set foot on the American continent."

For a long time he refused to give up his keys, and during the time his boxes were being searched he gave vent to remarks of so much bitterness and sarcasm that the custom-house officer, had he not been a French-Canadian from Quebec, with a limited knowledge of English, might have been quelled by the poignancy of the attack.

"If shirts must be touched," he remarked, "I 'opes I am within my rights when I say they might be touched with clean 'ands."

"Smell it," he said, when the same custom-house officer looked doubtfully at Peregrine's sponge-bag, "and if it's tobacco put it in your pipe and smoke it."

"That's right," he said with flaming sarcasm when the examination was concluded, "turn everything upside down and then leave it. What *ladies* must think of such treatment passes my comprehension."

He spent his evening composing a letter to *The Times*, and the language he put into it relieved his feelings considerably.

On quitting the ship he tipped everyone handsomely—he always had much loose cash in his pockets. He had his health drunk in the second-class saloon, and he bought twenty-four picture postcards, with a photograph of the ship on each, and dispatched them from Quebec. Quebec disappointed him. It was not equal to Dover, and never would be, and he thought too much fuss had been made about the St. Lawrence. He spent twenty minutes shouting for a porter at the quay, and decided then and there that Canada might be a country of the free, but it was certainly not a country for the free.

"It isn't the place for a white man," he said bitterly.

Still, he and Peregrine found themselves very fairly comfortable at the "Château Frontenac," and they both talked a good deal about the Plains of Abraham, which until this moment they had suspected of being in Palestine, and they even tried to find the place where the great soldier had landed. But the driver of the carriage thought Wolfe was an English visitor, and said that if he was coming by train he would probably arrive at the station on the other side of the river; and Peregrine tried to repeat, "They buried him darkly at dead of night," in order to impress Simmons, and stuck twice and

gave it up, and Simmons was respectfully under the impression that it was Sir John Moore whom they buried darkly. They decided that Canada was a somewhat overrated place, and went home and to sleep peacefully.

Peregrine was going straight to a bank at Royal Ville in the Middle West, while Simmons was journeying on to Glen Mar, where his successful sister kept an hotel. At the bank Peregrine was to learn figures. After that he might do as he liked. But in order to find an opening, it would be good for him to begin with a sound commercial training, and it was proposed that he should live comfortably on fifty pounds a year and extend his pity to that criminal class called the remittance man. He had his furlined coat with him, and ought to get on famously. Even his fare was to be paid as far as Royal Ville.

"I have taken a section, sir," said Simmons with an apologetic clearing of his throat, and his hand held delicately in front of his mouth to excuse the liberty he had taken. "There ain't no second-class; I have secured the upper berth for myself. I thought," he added mysteriously, "that it would be better."

"Why?" said Peregrine.

"I have seen the train," said the well-bred servant, "and, offensive, as it may seem to our English prejudices, sir, I gather that males and females all sleep in the same room, with no privacy or convenience at all, sir."

"It seems queer," said Peregrine.

"It is most undelicate," said the butler.

"A family in each corner of the room and one in the middle!" said Peregrine.

"It's worse than that, sir," replied Simmons; "you might have a lady sleeping over your head, sir."

"I shouldn't mind," said Peregrine.

When Simmons awoke in the train the next morning—"unrefreshed," as



he expressed it—the atmosphere in the long corridor was a tangible thing with a quality and substance of its own. The steam-pipes were overheated, and behind heavy green curtains men and women lay in narrow bunks, like St. Lawrence on his grid, and roasted slowly. They seemed to like it. Peregrine rolled up an old newspaper to form a wad, and, opening his window with difficulty, he slipped it underneath and provided himself with a little necessary ventilation.

"English," said the black porter, who always knew them from any other folk because of their habit of carrying a railway rug in a strap, and shrieking for open windows.

Peregrine dressed in the morning with some degree of decency by standing barefooted in the passage with his green curtain across him; Simmons, overhead, seemed beset by difficulties.

"I do not see how I am to manage," he remarked.

"Pull them on as you lie down," said Peregrine.

"Had I known I should not be able to sit up, I shouldn't have taken them off, sir."

"I suppose you cracked your head," said Peregrine presently.

"I did not mean to say it aloud," said the respectful servant.

"Were you able to sleep, Simmons?"

"I don't believe I closed an eye, sir."

"You snored a good bit."

Simmons thought it was the young man in the next compartment.

"He stopped about four o'clock in the morning, and I hoped he was dead," said Peregrine.

In each division of the train were two spittoons, and with something of the joy of newly-wakened birds the company on board the train began to clear their throats thoroughly and from the very depths of their souls. Ladies in dressing-gowns began to appear from behind the green curtains, and with

sponge-bags in their hands tripped down the corridor over extended bare feet. A waiter shouted "first call for breakfast," and our two friends went to partake of it in the pleasant aroma of the restaurant car, where many of the staff of the train had slept all night.

"Pretty 'nifty,'" said Peregrine.

"Boiled down democracy, I call it," said Simmons.

They declined grape-fruit for breakfast because they were not accustomed to it in England, and ate porridge, and guessed at the other things on the menu, and wondered what would appear when they ordered them.

"Individual domestic duck was the best joke on the menu last night," said Peregrine. "I wonder what clams are?"

"A sort of molasses," said Simmons, "and very unwholesome."

Two ladies came and sat opposite them in the restaurant car. One was dressed in brown and was very pretty and the other was in blue and was plain.

"Everything seems extraordinarily dear to me," said Brown Dress.

"The season is very short, of course," said she in blue, "and living is very expensive in this country. One must expect to pay for things."

"Brown Dress is paying," said Peregrine to himself. He was a sapient lad.

"I think everything is very dear," Brown Dress went on. (She had "J. D." in silver on a little handbag, but it would have been a pity to give her a wrong name, so Brown Dress must do for the present.)

"They gave us paper bags for our hats for nothing," said the elder lady in blue.

"They certainly did," said the fair one, relenting a little. "But I dislike having to pay extra for a chair when obviously I must sit down on a railway journey. And I do not think that a cabin six foot by eight should be called

a drawing-room car; it is most misleading."

Simmons was longing for Peregrine to relate some of their experiences of the night before, to which he might perhaps have been allowed to add a few respectful words to bear testimony to his own sufferings. On the other hand, he admired his master's English reticence, and reflected that you never knew whom you were meeting in a train.

The lady in brown bowed as she left the restaurant table, and the one in blue looked prim. They disappeared to their six-by-eight feet drawing-room, and Peregrine went and sat outside the observation car in order to get a little air, while the usual number of merry children, who are always to be found traveling in Canada, made a nursery of the inside, ate apples, and frolicked gaily over everyone's toes.

At lunch-time the two ladies did not appear, and Simmons ventured to suggest that they were waiting for the second or third call for lunch.

"It was beastly greedy of us to come at the first call," said Peregrine.

There were three calls for dinner, which was called supper on board the train, and it was very difficult to know which one to choose.

"I believe I could find out, sir," said the ever-useful servant. "The colored porter seemed a very intelligent man."

"All right," said Peregrine.

"The name of the one is Miss Lucas," was the information that he gathered, "and the other is Miss Drew. They are going in to dinner at the second call."

"All right," said Peregrine again.

Simmons respectfully waited for the third call, and Peregrine made friends with his two fellow-voyagers on the historic subject of open windows.

"I know for a fact," said Miss Lucas, "that half the people of this country die of consumption allowing to want of air."

They grieved over the sadness of this, and Miss Lucas expressed a hope that there were plenty of sanatoriums in Canada.

The train continued to sway and rock as they journeyed on, and Peregrine proved himself useful at fielding articles that might otherwise have rolled from the table.

Miss Drew gave it as her opinion that Canada was full of romance, and Miss Lucas said that much must be forgiven it because it was a new country. Peregrine remarked that he had come out to make money. By the end of dinner-time they had discovered that they were all devoted to golf, interested in fishing, and Conservatives from a sense of deep conviction. Such similarity of tastes and views constitutes an introduction. When the ladies left the table they shook hands and said good-bye, for Royal Ville would be reached at seven o'clock the following morning, and at Royal Ville Peregrine with his trunks and his railway rug and his suit-case would be left behind, while the butler and the two ladies were continuing the journey still farther.

He felt sorry to leave the train, and remembered several things that he would like to have said to Brown Dress the evening before, if he had thought of them. He blushed when she appeared in the corridor and said to him, "I believe I ran away with your pencil last night."

"She might easily have sent it by the porter," he thought ecstatically.

Simmons gave him his keys, and he stood on the platform and waved his hat to the young lady, who looked out of the window. Simmons also looked out, and, letting down the glass, he shouted in a voice that was distinctly audible all over the station, "Good-bye, Master Peregrine."

The name stuck to Peregrine during the whole time he was in Canada.

He worked at his desk at the bank as little as he could, and began to find out what a limited quantity one can get to eat in Canada on a salary of one pound a week. He thought of writing home for money, but decided not to do so. He gave up smoking as a matter of necessity, and wondered if he could work his passage back, decided "not to stick it," and then was urged by that something which is simply Canada not to give in. He disliked the life, he disliked his desk, and he disliked his fellow-clerks, and yet he did not mean to go back to England or to own himself beaten.

He disliked his desk because he had never sat still for an hour in his life, and had always lived out-of-doors, and had ridden a horse when he wanted to, and had shot things and called it being busy. He disliked his fellow-clerks because they had never shot anything, and because their idea of a holiday was to put on their best clothes and walk out with a girl, also because their ambition was bounded by the day when they would have enough money to buy a motor car which they called an "ah'tomobile," and because they went to little dances and played about with girls, and looked on at a lacrosse match, which he accused them of calling "the bahl game." He disliked his present life because there was nothing in it to match the life he had known before. He was violently and aggressively English, and he believed that everything that was not English was inferior. He had a conviction that there was only one country worth living in in the world and that was England, and he stayed on in Canada and loathed every moment of it.

When he found that he could not have even a little pocket money except by extra work, he began to find small jobs to do; but he hated that too, and wished that Royal Ville had never been made. He shoveled snow some-

times when he wanted to buy tobacco.

When his funds were at their lowest there was a gas explosion at the bank. No one was injured, for the explosion occurred at night-time, but many of the rooms were wrecked, and not a pane of glass was left in any of the windows. The occurrence produced a very pleasant feeling of excitement in the place; two reporters even came from Toronto and wrote about it, and a photograph of the wrecked house appeared, very indifferently printed, in a local newspaper. One of the bank managers arrived from Montreal and fussed a good deal and talked about insurance, and gave directions to carpenters and builders, and got estimates. Peregrine saw him as he was leaving the wrecked bank, and heard him say that men were to be hired at two dollars a night to guard the safes in the rooms with the paneless windows.

"Which is a chance for me," said Peregrine; and he put on his fur-lined coat and lay down in the bitter cold beside one of the safes in the windowless room, and watched all night.

"Very promising boy," said the manager, and meant to keep his eye on him. "A man who will thus do his duty by the bank deserves to get on."

The following night Peregrine lay by the safe again and slept in spite of the cold, and the next day the window-panes were repaired and glazed and put back, and he went to the local manager to get his four dollars.

"I don't think anything was ever said about paying you," said the great man, who was short and wore a beard.

"I suppose," said Peregrine, sulking a little, "I guarded the thing as well as any other fellow would have done it."

The manager pointed out that he had only done his duty.

What Peregrine was dying to say was, "Duty be blowed!" but, as he was unable to say that to the bank manager, he merely requested with a

sickly smile that he might be paid, and was told in reply that no money would be forthcoming.

Peregrine let all the clerks know what he thought about the incident. He said, "Do you think I care a jot whether the blooming safes are broken into or not? Duty to the bank indeed! Duty to the bank! What does anyone think I lay two nights on the floor for?"

His faith in the equity of things in Canada failed; he never again had any faith in the bank. He always talked of it afterwards as "a rotten concern."

About this time one of the older clerks, who was a good fellow and engaged to be married, told him he ought to go into society. He said there was very good society in Royal Ville, and he took him to call one Sunday afternoon upon a lady from Surbiton, who was accounted a person of some consequence in the place. She told him that she was an Empire Maker, and said that it was ladies like herself and her daughters who in their own way (that was her modesty) were doing more for Canada than all the legislation and the politics in the world. She said, "When young men come to my house, I always insist upon them treating us as ladies and remembering that they are gentlemen. That is the thought to keep alive in young men's minds: let them remember that they are gentlemen."

Peregrine murmured something which might be assumed to be in agreement with the lady's remark.

She talked ceaselessly, and it was hardly necessary to even reply.

She told him what a noble man her husband was, and what unusual characteristics he possessed. He was able to drink wine without expeding, and she had never known him make a mistake about anything.

This seemed high praise, and Peregrine rose to go rather than run the risk of meeting such a paragon. His exit,

however, was delayed by the constant stream of conversation which Mrs. Atkinson poured forth. He found that she was of the type that braces and encourages young men, especially in the matter of wearing dress-clothes in the evening. She said that when she and her daughters came to Royal Ville there was hardly a suit of dress-clothes in the place, but so potent for good had been their influence in the place that many young fellows had written home for broadcloth and white ties.

"We expect it," said Mrs. Atkinson, "and they know we expect it." She said also that, even when they were alone, she and the Misses Atkinson always made some little change in the evening. "It keeps alive the proper spirit," she added. She was fond of quoting Mr. Atkinson's remarks to herself, and always gave them in narrative form. Thus, "As Mr. Atkinson was saying to me this morning, 'Wife,' he said, 'let Louisa sing to him, that will do him as much good as going to church.'" "Him" was a young man (she explained to Peregrine) who now read Cæsar in the original during his leisure hours.

Peregrine would have liked to speak to Louisa, Pleasance, and Phyllis, but they were so busy pouring out tea for young men that he was unable to do so.

"We have nothing but old-fashioned English chivalry in this house," said Mrs. Atkinson, as the young man wandered about politely handing cups.

She asked him to a dance in the following week, and explained that the girls were themselves going to make all the jellies, cakes and trifles, etc., for that was the way she had brought them up; and she added that a lady might be a lady even although she washed her own front doorstep.

Peregrine went to the dance, and was told that his "steps" were all wrong, and that he didn't dance the Lancers properly.

"It's the way we dance them at home," he said loftily; and the young men said he put on side, and one very pretty girl with yellow fluffy hair remarked to her partner (to his intense satisfaction) "that Mr. Boyne fairly gave her the pip."

Mrs. Atkinson never yielded him a moment's peace, and not only found him partners at every legitimate pause in the evening's amusement, but even said, "You are not dancing, Mr. Boyne," when his feet failed to respond to any bar of the music. She liked seeing young people really dance when they danced. Mr. Atkinson stood about in doorways and smiled. Also he brewed copious potations of lemonade with a little rum in it, which was enjoyed under the title of rum punch.

Peregrine was as little a success at the dance as he was at the bank. He continued to do his work, and learned to speak doggerel French to the Eastern Canadians who came with cheeks which he bade them "*signez sur le dos*." One day he handed in his resignation because he couldn't do without a horse any longer, and he hired himself to a horse-dealer, where he learned some perfectly new and highly florid oaths.

His father at home, meanwhile, was able to give glowing accounts of him. He was doing well. He would make his mark one of these days. He was the admiration of all those who stopped at home. Everyone wanted to pat on the back the young man who, if he wasn't making a fortune, was no expense to his family.

He got sixty-five dollars a month, and paid fifty dollars for his board and lodging. Things were dear at Royal Ville; he had asked the price of a pair of boots, and had not bought them. People told him that he would get things fairly moderate at Eaton's Store in Winnipeg, if he was really going there. Of course he was going to Winnipeg. Everyone who went to Canada must

do so. He was waiting his time and trying to remember, as in a sort of dream, that he used to motor to the railway station at home and buy a first-class ticket there. He supposed the local stationmaster would have given him no other ticket than a first-class one.

When he had been at the horse-dealer's for a month, and had made firm friends and affectionate allies of all the Jean Baptistes in the stable (who used the florid oaths), he got the chance which only comes once to a man in a lifetime—he was to take six horses to Winnipeg. His accommodation was an open horse-truck, which would undoubtedly make a man of him, for the weather was unusually cold for the autumn season. During the first part of the journey, and before the horses had eaten it all, he would have some hay to lie on. He departed for the station, which, feeling highly Canadian, he called a *depôt*, and he rode one horse and led two others with some danger to his life, for the animals were only half-broken. Jean Baptiste followed behind with the other three.

Peregrine threw out his chest, and began to grow.

There were half a dozen chosen friends to see him off—a man who washed carriages, a cab-driver who spoke many languages and none of them correctly, and a bar-keeper from Edinburgh who talked magnificent theology when he had had two glasses of whisky. No one arrived empty-handed: it is not in the manner of Canadians to do so. The bar-keeper brought some bottles of lemonade, and accompanied his gift with good advice about not indulging in stronger liquors. The cab-driver arrived with an offering of cakes and bread, and Peregrine had provided himself with an assorted variety of tinned goods (which he called canned when he remembered), but no tin-opener.



The men shook hands with him before he left, called him kid and wished him good-luck, and Peregrine journeyed on and found that to become a man entailed living in a horse-truck open to the sky for eight days and eight nights. The freight train that he was on gave way to every train on the line. It was frequently in sidings, it frequently stopped; it jolted and

shook, and the men on board of it loved it because they were in Canada, and Canada belonged to them, and, being unable to compare the line with any other, they said, and denied contradiction, that it was the finest line in the world. When Peregrine called it the Railroad Track instead of Railway Line, he felt it belonged to him too.

*S. MacNaughtan.*

*(To be concluded.)*

## AMERICA AND THE BLOCKADE.

If politics be anything better than a jumbled empiricism, it is a form of applied history. They who know not what has been can neither understand the present nor divine the future. The problem of the blockade, for instance, which has perplexed the timid minds of our Ministers, can be solved only in accordance with the known practice of the nations. Whenever it is suggested that the Fleet should do the work for which it was called into being, we are told that the feelings of the neutrals must be considered. So tenderly are the feelings of the neutrals considered that they are having, in Lord Devonport's phrase, the time of their lives. They are amassing huge fortunes out of the sufferings of the belligerents, and not content with the heaps of gold which they are piling up, they talk loudly of their rights and mutter ominous phrases about the freedom of the sea. Our Foreign Office, more tender of the neutral susceptibilities than of the safety of the Allies, forgets the precedents with which history abounds, and resolutely ignoring the lessons of the past, not only lengthens the war but endangers the security of the Empire. Yet there is before us all the precedent of the Civil War in America, which might prove at once a stimulus to the fading energy of our Ministers and a check

upon the selfish policy of President Wilson. The lesson is the better worth learning because the positions of England and America are today reversed. In 1862 the operatives of Manchester were brought to the verge of starvation because the blockade of the Southern ports of the United States deprived them of cotton. They did not whine nor whimper; they did not plead that the feelings of neutrals should be respected. They took what aid they might from their own Government, and sent a message of sympathy to Abraham Lincoln. The incident confers credit upon both parties; it also makes clear what the position of a belligerent should be towards a neutral. The answer which Abraham Lincoln sent to their message is so nearly pertinent to the present circumstances—it is, moreover, so fine a piece of plain eloquence—that we think it right to quote it at length. After setting forth the duty which he was called to discharge on his election as President of the United States, Lincoln thus proceeds—

"I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people; but I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging or prolonging the struggle

with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has served to authorize a belief that the past actions and influences of the United States were generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances—to some of which you kindly allude—induce me especially to expect that if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of amity and peace toward this country may prevail in the councils of your Queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic.

"I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the workingmen at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens the workingmen of Europe have been subjected to severe trials for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under the circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age, or in any country. It is, indeed, an energetic and re-inspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be

sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual."

It were well if all the neutrals, and the United States especially, were to read over this passage whenever they take up their pen to address a note of expostulation to Great Britain. They would see with how different a measure our loyalty of fifty years ago has been meted out to us again. If Mr. Wilson is able to read the glowing words of his predecessor without shame, then truly he is proof against the common emotions of humanity. Abraham Lincoln reckoned, rightly, upon our forbearance. His successor would strike "forbearance" from his vocabulary. Lincoln deplored the sufferings to which the workingmen of Manchester were exposed. Mr. Wilson would flout precedent in order to increase the store of dollars which is heaped higher and higher every day. To Lincoln the "decisive utterances" of the English operatives seemed "an instance of sublime Christian heroism." There is neither sublimity nor heroism in Mr. Wilson's contention that America, in defiance of our blockade, shall be permitted to pour out through neutral ports whatever supplies our enemies may demand. We today stand where Abraham Lincoln stood in 1863; we ask of the United States a tithe of the sacrifice which we gladly faced when they were in the throes of civil war; and we ask it in vain. We are fighting the same battle of "justice, humanity, and freedom" which Lincoln fought, and

in requital of our ancient "forbearance" we are met with the inhuman arguments of lawyers, with the pedantry of a "college-professor." How then shall the friendship between the two nations be, as Lincoln hoped it would be, "perpetual"? Let Mr. Wilson ponder the words of the greatest President who  
Blackwood's Magazine.

ever sojourned at the White House, and ask himself what Lincoln would have done and said in the crisis of today, and whether he, the last upon whom the mantle of Lincoln has descended, is worthily upholding the traditions of a great office.

### DOSTOIEVSKI.\*

"Poor and abundant, downtrodden, almighty Mother Russia," writes Nekrasov in his *Who is Happy in Russia?* It might be an epigram on the work of Dostoievski and the irrepressible influence of Russian mentality upon the world of today. Perhaps it was this tidal fact that really made Germany so jealous and nervous as to the future of Teutonic Kultur. The floodgates of the Russian temperament are being opened, and the remonstrances of a few intellectuals such as Shaw, Murray, Dickinson and Brandès are less than futile. We welcome the oncoming flood. As Christians the Russians shame us, and make us feel in comparison the joints where our armor is most vulnerable—hypocrisy and love of money. Like most autocratically governed States, they are real democrats, almost as much so as the Chinese. Their humility and lack of pride *vis-a-vis* of suffering and sin have further lessons for us, more human and, perhaps, most valuable of all.

Yasnaya Polyana has been compared to Ferney-Voltaire. The challenge of Dostoievski, if less immediately dominant, has in it, perhaps, more of the subtle pervasiveness of Jean-Jacques. These Russians, it may prove, are to be the Voltaire and Rousseau of the nineteenth century. How little we suspected it when we first read their books! It is surprising.

Twenty years ago our English knowledge of Dostoievski was practically limited to *Poor Folk*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *Buried Alive in Siberia*. Upon such knowledge and what could be derived from a grateful and admiring study of De Vogüé's book on *The Russian Novel*—there were few enough books upon Russian Literary Landmarks then—I was summarily called upon to write an article on the Russian Master to fit in between Dost Mahomed and Douay for an Encyclopædia. I re-read the result yesterday and was surprised, not unagreeably. The fact is that De Vogüé's is a very good book indeed and that much knowledge tends to confuse judgment. Now by Baring, Graham, Sarolea and a dozen others Dostoievski is beatified, canonized, sainted. His complete novels are accessible in French and almost, if not quite, in English, transfused into our tongue by Constance Garnett. It would hardly do now to describe Dostoievski as "Gaboriau with psychological sauce." You must talk about him and Holy Russia and the religion of suffering very respectfully indeed. He has become the Slav Dickens, and has a clan of champions and biographers. The name of his latest biographer is already famous. It is not in the Encyclopædia yet, but will certainly be in the next edition. It is too Russian a biography to please us altogether—too Slavonic, too nebulous, too sketchy. You cannot get a good bite at it.

\*"Dostoievski: His Life and Literary Activity." A Biographical Sketch, by Eugenil Soloviev. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth Allen & Unwin. 5s net.

Nevertheless, it is interesting, characteristic.

I think it will be conceded that the time has come when a long if superficial acquaintance with the novelist should entitle me to call him Theodor Mikhailovitch, though I do so with misgiving, since I perceive that some august critics style him Feodor. His life really is a bewildering thing, and accords badly with the accurate self-propulsion into plenty and good society which has marked the careers of our successful home novelists. The untidiness, so characteristic of Russian life, seems to slop over into the lives and minds of their writers. Contrast the financial ability and pervasive orderliness of a career such as that of Charles Dickens with the devastating chaos, despondency, despair and pecuniary confusion of a Gogol or a Dostoevski.

The last, for a life, led one continual succession of tremors and troubles, with hardly a serene interval anywhere. In the first place, a troubled youth with haunting thoughts of suicide, poverty, self-distrust, suspicion of friends, parents, self: a youth destitute of love and faith, filled with despair and melancholy, haunted with a constant yet ever-elusive vision of fame, clenched in the grim vice of material servitude and dependence. A man with such an ardent imagination would be sure to picture to himself a future of poverty and homelessness. His two marriages—one to the widow of a fellow-convict, with a family, whom he loved in a distracted kind of way, in spite of renewed proof of incompatibility; and, secondly, an amanuensis, who had a temporary liaison with another even during their courtship ("our joint life was not a happy one")—these meagre unions seem to show how niggardly a hand he expected his destiny to show. He was almost to the last a borrower of small sums, a fugitive from creditors, a Micawber of impe-

cuniosity and improvidence, though with something of the singular and eccentric precaution which prompted that great man to store the heads and tails of shrimps in his waistcoat pockets. "An unhealthy misanthropy poisoned his every pleasure and made him repellent to all, and his weakness of volition laid him so entirely open to passing whims that he became the slave of his own fancies, while fully understanding the horror of such servitude." And to his youth, for an offense almost exactly similar to that of Silvio Pellico, succeeded the death sentence and the term of imprisonment as a political in Siberia—six long grievous years of waiting and a ceaseless struggle with an insatiable, irrepressible hunger for life. And when at length came the glorious moment of release it proved a moment spoiled by material difficulties, even as the novelist's later rapture of literary creation were spoiled through the fact of his genius having to slave for money and to wring and torture itself over long-drawn novels (which he describes himself as crouching over and tormenting) in the tremendous effort to make ends meet, to support his wife and family, to avert the wrath of the censorship, and to win his way back to residence in Russia.

Yet he had some great moments—the discovery of his talent in 1846, when Bielinski (the cosmopolitan critic), Nekrasov and the rest sat up all night reading *Poor Folk*, ejaculating "Terrible, terrible!" "What a man!" "Oh! what a great writer!" and the spell he cast over young Russia by his speech at the Pushkin festival—was it in 1876 (dates are strangely to seek in this book)?—when a young man auditor is said to have swooned at his feet and the whole audience was carried off its feet by this peasant of genius. From then to his death in the early days of 1881, while the famous snowstorm was raging in this country, he was indeed

famous. Short, lean, neurotic, worn and bowed down by sixty years of misfortune, faded rather than aged, with a look of an invalid of uncertain age, with a long beard and hair still bushy, breathing something of the cat-life of the literary proletarian. "Work from want and for money has crushed and devoured me!" The face, says his best interpreter, De Vogüé was "that of a Russian peasant, a real Moscow mujik with flat nose, small sharp eyes deeply set, sometimes dark and gloomy, sometimes gentle and mild. The forehead was large and bumpy, the temples very hollow as if hammered in. His drawn, twitching features seemed to press down on his sad-looking mouth.

The New Witness.

I have never before seen such a sad expression on any face." It is fitting somehow that his masterpiece, the *Brothers Karamazof*, should still be a *chef-d'œuvre inconnu*, for few can read it. It is clear that, as with Scott, Hugo, Dickens, Tolstoi, his work cannot be judged like the exquisite *pieces* of Turgenev and Gontcharov, by artistic standards exclusively. There is something of Michael Angelo about his work, something of the major Hebraic prophet. He lived and suffered for an apotheosis. His legend will be that of the prophet of Russian Nationalism—the Russianization of that great barrier empire and people whose soul is even now in the crucible.

Thomas Seecombe.

## THE PASSING OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

It will not be many weeks before the lifting of the veil which has so long hidden coming events in German East Africa from our expectant eyes, and we may then hope to see the comforting spectacle of the lowering of the black-and-yellow standard, with the blasphemous reference to 1870, in the Kaiser's last stronghold on African soil. It is not going to be a very easy "show," but the end is worth waiting for, and we shall wait with perfect confidence. Only last mail brought a letter from a high official at Nairobi, in which he said, "I wish I could say more on the subject, but look out for news in about six weeks' time"; and the context, which I do not feel at liberty to quote (and which the Editor would not publish if I did), indicated a justification for the most optimistic view of the situation.

German East Africa, the spoiled child of the Reichskolonialamt, is nearly as large as both our East African Protectorates together, and is very much richer, particularly in minerals,

including gold, iron, and coal. The population, Masai and Bantu, is also estimated at close on ten millions—a figure which, if correct, exceeds that of British East Africa and Uganda together, which aggregate no more than eight millions at the outside. Yet we need not attach undue importance to this preponderance of native subjects, since, in the first place, they are not all equally well affected towards their German masters; and in the second, the campaign will be won and lost by white men, as the enemy will realize with the first considerable invasion from the Rhodesian frontier.

The political position of German East Africa could not well be worse when the situation begins to develop. It has not a mile of friendly or even neutral territory on its borders. Hemmed in by British, Belgian, and Portuguese territory, its chief port menaced by Zanzibar, and its settlements on Lake Victoria at the mercy of our armed steamers, its outlook is not a happy one. Utterly cut off from the outer world,



it must defend itself with its present resources, and these, though doubtless provided during many years of intelligent anticipation at Dar es Salem, cannot be inexhaustible. True, it has a more elaborate network of railways than we have established in the neighboring Protectorate, but the irony of the situation is that a considerable proportion of its thousand miles of iron road has a commercial rather than a strategic value; and only the main system, from the ocean to Lake Tanganyika, will eventually be of service in those rapid lateral concentrations by which the outnumbered garrisons will alone be able to prolong the inevitable decision in our favor.

It is not to be denied that, as preliminary raids have already demonstrated, our own Uganda Railway is more vulnerable at some points than could have been wished. Yet even where it runs closest to German territory—say, between Tsavo and the Kilimanjaro district, it is so well guarded that the enemy can only organize trifling affairs at night, doing no more damage than can be repaired by the available emergency gangs in time for next day's train.

It may, therefore, without further preamble, be assumed that, long before the issue of the war is decided nearer home, German East Africa will have changed masters; and there remains the interesting problem of what is to be done with it. Give it back to the Wilhelmstrasse on the signing of peace? Such a solution of the difficulty may be relegated to the furtive proceedings of peace meetings, which are forever dinning into our ears that a great imperial nation must have its place in the sun, and that we have no right, even when victorious, to bottle Germany up inside her own frontiers. The reply to which is quite obviously that we asked nothing better than to live at peace with our unpleasant

neighbors south of Vanga and Shirat, and that they alone are to blame for the unavoidable revision of the old arrangement. It was by the grace of Queen Victoria that the beautiful land of the Unyamwesi became German; it will shortly be by the grace of King George that it will become British. What England gave, she can take away.

Yet this does not settle the future of the country. It is inconceivable that this magnificent unit of African Empire, which is twice the size of British East Africa, should henceforth rank as a mere appanage of that Protectorate. There is very little in common between the two regions, since, though sisal and cocoanut are of first importance in the coast belt of both, our present territory must be regarded as mainly pastoral, whereas, as has already been pointed out, the mining interest, absent (and, as some think, fortunately) from British East Africa, must inevitably assume a prominent place in the future development of the new colony. This alone links it rather with Rhodesia; and as it is an open secret that the determining factor in German evacuation is to come from that quarter, we foresee a closer association with a Greater Central Africa. The Government at Nairobi, which, just before the outbreak of the war, took over the administration of Zanzibar, has its hands full without the new and vast responsibilities entailed in the control of yet another ten million natives, and the Colonial Office will in all probability arrive at a smoother solution of the difficulty by bringing Dar es Salem in closer touch with Blantyre and Salisbury. Apart from the many other advantages of this settlement, this would give both Nyasaland and Rhodesia a British port on the ocean; an outlet which, friendly as our relations will always be with Portugal, cannot but be preferable to their present dependence on Beira and

Chinde. To those who prefer to pull a long face over current events much of the foregoing will no doubt savor of counting our chickens before they are hatched. I can only repeat that friends on the spot who are able to see  
The Outlook.

something of the hatching in process are absolutely confident that—to borrow a homely phrase from sporting circles—all is over in German East Africa bar the shouting.

F. G. A.

## UPLIFT.

"If uplift's the word——," said a New York paper some time ago in a headline, with a fine and vague threat in the uncompleted sentence. "Uplift" certainly is the word in the United States, as you discover before you have enjoyed many hours in the country. When you have been there a week you begin to reflect upon its significance as a social symptom. In England you have not come across the term—that is, you have not known it as an abstract noun of ethical import. The young men of Carmelite House have not yet learned to use it. The popular dictionaries do not contain it. Even the big Webster, that sound American classic, has no place for it; but we must assume that Sir James Murray's successors, when shortly they come up with the U's in the greatest of all dictionaries, will not be able to pass it by.

Now you cannot understand America unless you have mastered the nature and manifold forms of Uplift. It is ubiquitous. You cannot escape it. The word is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded speakers. It is invaluable to the journalistic writer. The verbal currency of the social club and philanthropic committee would be helpless without it. As for the thing, the abstraction, the intangible entity—where is it not manifest and operative? Uplift is the inspiration of all the settlements and social centers; of the hunters of graft and the evangelists of the Clean City; of the Montessorians, the penal reformers, and the creators of ideal common-

wealths for supposed incorrigible lads and lasses. It rings through the Sunday forums, those astonishing gatherings of men and women, composed mainly of raw new American citizens, hardly yet a step removed from Ellis Island. Uplift runs riot in the summer schools where, on hillside and by mountain lake, the earnest young graduates of the State university or normal school assemble for mutual stimulus during the long vacation. Its influence takes concrete shapes of much more than local importance. It adds the touch of idealism to the powerful and profitable journalistic industry of muck-raking. It is the spring of the Good Government movement and the Prohibition crusade. Without it the new experiments in democracy entered upon so blithely by some of the Western States would lack the special enthusiasm which informs their inventors. Some, indeed, would go further still and assert that Uplift was the sole creative force of the new Progressive party which, under what seemed to us the rather incongruous leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, swept into its current so vast a number of tributary streams of political activity and social service four years ago and has since spent its force.

But what, it may be asked, is there in Uplift, as understood in America, that does not belong to the social fervor of our English leagues and guilds and brotherhoods? Much every way, as the Apostle has it. A cynically appreciative young American was in-

sisting the other day that Uplift was more than sufficiently manifest at the Fabian Summer School. But somehow we on this side have not so far envisaged it as a single Power not Ourselves that makes for righteousness. We have not endowed it with personality to be worshiped or invoked. We have not even named it. Here you may be dimly conscious of its presence. Over there you must recognize it as an ideal, a social force, a divinity. You have to reckon with it—not alone in the church, the club, and the town meeting, but in national politics, in commerce, and (quite decisively) in the Press and current literature. The really representative Americans of the time are to be found among its literary prophets. Theirs, you may quite accurately say, is the power and the glory, the popular fame and the money reward: witness, for example, the most widely renowned (in America) of all the victims of the *Lusitania*—Elbert Hubbard, the perfect master, alike in lay-sermon, advertisement, and epigram of Uplift for the average man.

Uplift, maybe, is not amenable to exact definition, but no disguise (though to be sure, it does not affect disguises) would avail to obscure its presence and purpose. There are many ways in which you may form an idea of Uplift, but possibly the best of all notions of its being and scope is to be gained by a little attentive study of the newspapers and magazines. There is hardly a journal in the republic which has not its department of Uplift. This may be a separate section, kept within rigid limits; or it may be in the nature of a central reservoir, from which flows a stream of influence pervading or diluting the whole. In the daily Press a separate department is the rule. No paper is so abandoned as to be without the page which may be called the uplifters' playground. It furnishes a staggering contrast to every other page.

You turn, so to say, from the brutal world to the nursery or the garden enclosed. There most things are sordid or mean; here everything is sweet and sentimental—uplifting anecdotes and reflections, uplifting advice, uplifting humor. Stories of beings much too bright and good for human nature's daily food; accounts of what the organized uplifters are thinking and doing, the various and marvelous cults and circles. And how remote it all seems from the world in which the American man spends his days!

For an example of the pervasive influence, as distinct from the Uplift department of the general store, turn to the weekly and the monthly magazines—in technical quality of writing and format so greatly superior to the corresponding publications on this side. It is the boast of the purveyors of our popular reading matter that everything sent out by them is—like *Pickwick*, as its author saw it—incapable of bringing a blush to the cheek of modesty. But this is to boast of a negation, a mere abstention from naughtiness. The American publisher is more thoroughgoing. Goodness with him is standardized, reduced to a scientific formula. It is not only that American stories are ingenuous, full of nice people, and provided with the happiest endings. The Uplift is positive and systematically worked in. There must be no mistake about the conclusion and the total impression. These must be optimistic and encouraging, such as to make the reader sure of a smile and of feeling good as he turns the page. We want no unpleasantness, no disturbing questions, no uncertainty no suspicion of moral confusion. Everything must be smooth, clear and ringing. An expenditure of fifteen cents must be equivalent to a measurable amount of Uplift; else the magazine is not going, as it should go, into the American home. It is offending the great public

and its conductors will soon begin to hear something disagreeable from the big advertisers.

There is no need to say that American religion furnishes a peculiarly favorable atmosphere for the exploitation of what used to be called the moral sentiment. Uplift, indeed, is the essence of all the fancy faiths: Christian Science, the New Thought, the Higher Thought, Vedanta, Bahaism, Point Loma, and the various forms of salvation through intestinal gardening—the Fasting Cure, Fletcherism (that is, supermastication), and Battle Creek. And how vast and unmanageable its literature—from the scriptures of Mrs. Eddy, through Dresser and Ralph Waldo Trine, to the inexhaustible runnels of Ella Wheeler Wilcox! With so unlimited a continent to work in, Uplift finds continually new worlds to conquer—the most remarkable of all, perhaps, being the new Religion of Business, the cult of the inspired millionaire, the new science of Success, with its astonishing range of advertisement applied to the commercial uses of idealism. "Command yourself in order that you may command success. Be good that you may make money."

The uplifter has supplanted the  
The New Statesman.

reformer. No one in American public life, you will be told, would today announce himself as a reformer, for the word, which with us implies merely conservatism of the slowest and trustiest order, has been discredited in the United States beyond redemption. But the uplifter may still for a short time take pride in his label—though the laugh is working up and you will soon see it crinkling all over the pages of *Life* and the New York *Evening Sun*. And then, when the uplifter begins to feel shy of showing himself on Broadway (or even on Boston Common), we shall be quite glad to remember that, after all, he had his value and his uses. In a world of blatant materialism he contrived to hold aloft the banner of the ideal. He reminded the most successful trading class ever known in the world that man does not live by greenbacks alone. His social spirit, maybe, was needlessly flabby and indiscriminating; but, when all is said, it was a genuine social spirit. And Uplift is justified of its offspring. For though it is made common by the Trines and ridiculous by the Wilcoxes, it is ennobled and glorified by its greater children, by such as Judge Lindsey of Denver and Jane Addams of Chicago.

W. W.

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### "THE BRITISH NEMESIS."

The story of the most important twelve days which Europe has ever seen since Europe first was, is gradually being revealed to the world. The diplomatic history, embodied in a litter of gray, yellow, and red books, has already given the main facts as they appear on paper. But beyond these diplomatic telegrams, there remain two subjects of permanent interest, one of them probably destined to be of permanent controversy. The latter is the estimate of the forces which were

hurrying men to destruction in the months and years before its consummation; the laying of the mines, the placing of the powder-barrel, to which the final flare-up was but the applying of the match to inflammatory and explosive material. The former involves the writing of history as it flashed like a cinematograph before the eyes of the bewildered audience who were at once making and observing the forces that in the end burst through all barriers, and swept like a desolation

over the civilized world. It is history resembling the studies by Lenotre on the French Revolution, where a casual phrase or a chance conversation, or even an appearance of anxiety or exultation, reveals the heart and desire of the man within. What, for example, would not the historian give for some such account of the Great Council at Potsdam on July 29th, 1914 (where, as far as we can judge from outside, the German Empire definitely decided on war), from which the Chancellor emerged to make his offer to England of neutrality at the price of complete abstinence from any influence on European affairs; or of some of the hurried discussions at Petrograd or Vienna; or of the continuous sittings of the British Cabinet, in that historic sunlit room looking out on St. James's Park and on the Admiralty with its wireless communications to all the British fleet? Of those deliberations we know nothing, except of the continually more desperate and constant communications scattered through the Courts of Europe, pleading for, demanding, Peace. Saint-Simon, in a famous historic passage, has described the Grand Council of the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France, which led to the destruction of the Parliament and of the Bastards of Louis XIV and their followers; retelling the speech of each, explaining the emotions visible on each particular countenance, even providing a plan of the place where each man sat as the "Coup d'Etat" was discussed and approved. Some such similar description of the historic War Councils of these historic days is needed in order that history may learn the whole truth.

Belgium at present has provided the best material. In the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," a semi-official account has been given, already noticed in these columns, of how the frightful news arrived at Brussels. And from the

other side also it is the Belgian Minister at Berlin who gives the most vivid account of how the bad news came. In "*Germany Before the War*," by Baron Beyens (Nelson), a translation is provided of one of the most simple and convincing narratives both of the events which led up to the fatal fortnight and of the last days of those hurried and violent negotiations which were suddenly stopped by the flinging of ultimatums from Berlin to all the real or possible enemies of Germany. The Minister writes without anger, with extraordinary restraint, with full allowances for anything good or palliative in the people who have led his people captive, and subjected them to treatment which has no parallel since the Thirty Years' War. He writes, indeed, so dispassionately, and with such careful summing up of evidence, that the reader finds it difficult to believe that he is not considering the arguments for and against (say) the Sicilian Expedition, or the adventure of the French into Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. It becomes almost inconceivable to believe that what he is describing is the event of today, the launching of a thousand ships, the premature death of millions of the common people who had no kind of quarrel with each other, the visible destruction, amid every circumstance of horror and pain, of great sections of the human race. He is convinced that something was brewing between the Archduke Fritz Ferdinand and the German Emperor, before the assassination of the former at Serajevo put an end to all their schemes. He does not accept the somewhat sensational story of Mr. Steed that arrangements were being made for a tripartite division of the Dual Monarchy on the death of Francis Joseph in order to provide crowns for the unrecognized sons of the Archduke, who had been debarred forever from the Imperial throne.



But he is sure that the German Emperor did not go in April to Miramar, and in June to Konopisht (accompanied by von Tirpitz) merely to admire the Bohemian rose gardens of the *de facto* ruler of Austria. "The Archduke, so far as one can read into the soul of this inscrutable prince, seemed to be the most eager for war." Yet by a decree of fate (was it fate or intention?) he did not live to see the accomplishment of the plans that he drew up in cold blood with his guests amid the exquisite gardens of his lordly mansion. The news of the murder, Baron Beyens declares, "burst upon Berlin like an unexpected clap of thunder in the midst of a calm summer's day." He leaves the Austrian Embassy with M. Cambon, "discussing the results, still impossible to foresee clearly; that this fatality might have for European affairs." But instead of immediate action there follows a strange interval of silence; only the Emperor at Kiel remarks, in enigmatic words, "So my work of the past twenty-five years will have to be started all over again," and to the British Ambassador, more menacingly, "Es ist ein Verbrechen gegen das Deutschtum." (It is a crime against Germanism.) But he refuses to go to the Archduke's funeral, and sails away into the North Sea. Diplomats went away for their holidays: the terror seemed overpast. Yet "my colleagues in Berlin did not live in a fool's Paradise." There was an oppression in the air, like that which precedes the coming of a cyclone. Suddenly, on July 23d comes the bolt from the blue—the Austrian ultimatum, which all realized was as much an ultimatum to Russia as to Serbia, and which meant, unless some miracle of the eleventh hour could intervene, that the Germanic Powers were convinced that the right opportunity had occurred for their seizure of the hegemony of

Europe through the fire of battle and conquest.

That "week of tragedy" passes, with alternate hopes and fears: always (one is glad to find) confidence by the Belgian Minister that England will honor her guarantee; always in the minds of the German war leaders certainty that England and her guarantee are negligible. At length, on the Monday evening, Baron Beyens receives from his own Government information as to the presentation of the ultimatum to Belgium and its reply. It appeared something brutal, incredible—like a sudden unprovoked blow in the face of a child. At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning he is calling on von Jagow, and remonstrating and appealing against this criminal attack on his country. "I invoked Belgium's honor, the honor that is no less sacred to a nation than to an individual, her obligations as a neutral, her past conduct, always thoroughly loyal to Germany (*this the Secretary of State ungrudgingly admitted*), and her inability to answer the Imperial Government's proposal in any other way than she had answered it already. He could not help acknowledging this, but he did so with an effort." But all such appeals were addressed to one who could not, if he would, arrest the calamity. He replied with cynical arguments, that the French fortresses south of Belgium were difficult to pierce, and that Germany must advance through Belgium in order to overwhelm France. Finally, the Belgian Minister shoots his "Parthian arrow," which he had kept in reserve. "The violation of Belgium would mean a war with England." Von Jagow "merely shrugged his shoulders." And so they parted.

In the afternoon the Chancellor is talking in the Reichstag of the "crime" they are about to commit, and the Emperor is calling on his tribal God as

the prophets of old called upon Baal. Only in the evening came the ray of hope out of black despair. "That same evening I dined alone at the Kaiserhof, a prey to the gloomiest forebodings. As I left the restaurant a handful of papers was flung to me from a 'Berliner Tageblatt' motor car. Marveling at the swift fulfilment of my prophecy, I read that Great Britain had declared war on Germany." He rushed to the British Embassy to obtain "further details of this wonderful news." He found in front of it a vast crowd shouting German songs and cat calls, and hurling showers of missiles through the broken windows. "I had seen and heard enough," he concludes. "As I was wending my way homewards, a gleam of hope stole into my heart with all its grief and anguish. I saw a terrible face rising above the blood-red horizon, the face of the British Nemesis."

All Europe was awake through the few hours of troubled darkness of that historic night. Everywhere the soldiers were assembling, the weapons of war being prepared, the gathering together of the forces of Death and Destruction. One wonders most what could have been the thoughts of those who having been heirs to the heritage of Bismarck, now at last found themselves brought face to face with reality. They had  
The Nation.

gambled on Russian unreadiness, on French dissension. They had thought the Lion of Flanders dead, perished in comfort and commercial prosperity; they discovered he was suddenly and terribly alive. They had thought that England, impotent on land and seeking so desperately to ensure peace, was so terrified of war and so sunk in sloth, as to be willing to find any excuse to abstain from her honorable engagement, and to leave Belgium to her fate. Did they also see, rising "above the blood-red horizon, the face of the British Nemesis"? Terrible deeds have succeeded, frightfulness which has astonished and horrified the neutral world, losses and violences whose influence will remain unobliterated for generations; and the horizon is still "blood-red." But the dream of Germany's triumphant supremacy vanished on the night of Tuesday, August 4th, 1914. The "Nemesis" is delayed by the valor and organization and power of the German soldier and the German military machine; but the Nemesis will come, and this not from a mistake of material estimate, but from an inability to apprehend moral values; to understand that Belgium would choose martyrdom rather than dishonor, and that England would do no otherwise than keep her pledged word.

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### AN ENGLISHMAN PRAYS.

In civil life he had always said his prayers. They had done him good, too, in a way. They had been a sort of squaring of his accounts morally. He had tried to see where he had failed, made resolutions to amend, and acknowledged to himself, at any rate, that he had failed. He had remembered his relations and friends before God, and it had helped him to do his duty by them. At the same time, he was not

in the least degree a mystic. Even in his prayers he had never felt the reality of God. "God" to him was rather the name for the principle of goodness than a Being of infinite power and intimate importance. His greatest religious "experience" had been a spasmodic loyalty to the Christ-man, stimulating him at rare intervals to sudden acts of quixotism.

When he first enlisted he continued the habit of saying his prayers, more because it was inconvenient than for any other reason, perhaps. The other fellows in the barrack-room did not say their prayers, and he was too English not to feel the more resolved to say his. He was not going to be afraid. So he said them, deliberately and very self-consciously, half expecting to be laughed at. It was very difficult. He could not concentrate his mind. He whispered the words mechanically, his head full of other thoughts. The other fellows paused in their talk the first night, and then went on as if nothing had happened. After that no notice was taken at all. No one followed his example. No one commented, or interfered with him. A little persecution would have hardened his resolve. Being ignored weakened it. He could not bring his mind to bear on his words, and there seemed no point in going on. He tried saying them in bed, in the privacy of his blanket. Then one day he forgot: and after that he omitted to say them ever.

After all, it made very little difference. And yet at times he felt that there was a difference. It was a little like a man sitting in a room with a frosted window that only opened at the top. He understood that it gave on to a garden but he had never seen the garden. He used to sit with the top of the window pulled open, and then somehow one day he was busy and forgot to open it, and after that he never bothered. It made so little difference. At times he did notice that the air was a little less fresh; but he was too lazy or too busy about other things to bother.

This Englishman's religion had always been a bit like that; like a window opening on to the unknown and unexplored. He had never climbed up and looked out. He liked to think that his window gave on to a garden, and to think that he sometimes caught the

scent of the flowers. But he had never had the energy or faith to test his belief. Suppose he were to find that, after all, his garden was only a paved yard! Anyhow, he had left the window shut now. At times he regretted it; but a kind of inertia possessed him, and he did not do anything about it.

When he first got to the front he prayed, half ashamed. He was not quite sure of himself, and he prayed that he might not be found wanting. But when it came to the point, everything was very prosaic. It was boring, and uncomfortable, and at times terrifying. Yet he felt no inclination to shirk. He just drifted on, doing his bit like the others, and with not too good a grace. He was asked to take the stripe, and refused. It meant more trouble and responsibility. His conscience told him that he was shirking. He grew angry with it. "Well," he demanded of it, "why have I responsibilities more than anyone else? Haven't I failed?" He put the question defiantly, ostensibly to his conscience, but with an eye to the "Christman," in Whom he had almost ceased to believe. To his astonishment, he got an answer. It was a contingency with which he had not reckoned. Like a flash this sentence wrote itself across his mind: "Strengthen My brethren." It staggered him. He felt that he knew what it meant. "Don't whine about failure. If you are willing to serve, here is your job, and the sign of your forgiveness: Strengthen My brethren." He took the stripe after all, and fathered the boys of his section.

The final stage came later. There had been a charge, a hopeless affair from the start, undertaken in broad daylight. He had fallen between the lines, and had seen the battered remnant of his company retire past him to their own trench before a hail of bullets. He lay in the long grass between the lines, unable to move, and

with an unceasing throbbing pain in his left leg and arm. A whizz-bang had caught him in both places. All the afternoon he lay still, his mind obsessed by one thought: Would any one find him when it was dark, or would he be left to die? He kept on wondering the same thing, with maddening persistence. At last he must have lost consciousness, for he woke to find that the sun had set, and that all was still but for an occasional flare or a random shot. He had lost a lot of blood; but the throbbing had ceased, and if he kept still he felt no pain. He just lay there, feeling strangely peaceful. Above him he could see the stars, and the moon, though low in the heavens, gave a clear light.

He found himself vaguely wondering about the meaning of everything. Somehow the stars made it all seem so small and petty. All this bloodshed—what was the good of it? It was all so ephemeral, so trivial, so meaningless in the presence of eternity and infinity. It was just a strife of pygmies. He suddenly felt terribly small and lonely, and he was so very, very weak. He was cut off from his fellowmen as surely as if he had been on a desert island, and he felt somehow as if he had got out of his element, and was launched, a

*The Spectator.*

tiny pygmy soul, on the sea of immensity, where he could find no bearings. Eternity and infinity were so pitiless and uncomprehending. The stars gazed at him imperturbably. There was no sympathy there, but only cold, unseeing tolerance. Yet, after all, he had the advantage of them. For all his pygmy ineffectiveness, he was of finer stuff than they. At least, he could feel—suffer. He had only to try to move to verify that. At least, he was aware of his own existence, and could even gauge his own insignificance. There was that in him which was not in them, unless . . . unless it was in everything. "God!" he whispered softly. "God everywhere!" Then into his tired brain came a new phrase: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." He sighed contentedly, as a tired child, and the phrase went on repeating itself in his brain in a kind of chant: "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

The moon went down behind the horizon, and it was dark. They fetched him in at last. He will never again be sound of limb; but there is in his memory and in his heart that which may make him a staunch fighter in other fields. He has learned a new way of prayer, and the courage that is born of faith well founded.

*A Student in Arms.*

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In preparing his handbook of "Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Emerson Taylor has had in mind the growing interest in amateur stage performances and has striven to furnish a practical guide to the details of stage management, the neglect of which often mars hopelessly the effect of amateur presentations. In explanation of his purpose, he remarks that, if amateur productions are reduced to a mere learning of lines

and "business," under nervous coaching, they are not worth bothering about; but, if they are so conceived as to make a call not only on the histrionic ability but also on the ingenuity, taste and cultivation of the people organizing them, they are of great value. This explanation furnishes the key to Mr. Taylor's helpful handbook; and a careful observance of the directions which he gives will certainly raise amateur acting above the level to which it now too often falls.

The purpose and scope of the little volume, "What Jesus Christ Thought of Himself," by Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University (The Macmillan Company), could hardly be better expressed than in the title. As a preliminary to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" the author essays to ascertain, through a reverent study of His words and life, what Christ thought of Himself. He presents first, in outline, the human side of Christ. His consciousness of limitations, of deriving all from God and of subordination in prayer: and then, his Divine side, and the evidences that he regarded Himself as master of the past, present and future; and in a brief closing chapter, seeks to reconcile the two. The book is free from dogmatism, and the simplicity and directness of its style will commend it to lay readers.

Professor Hamilton J. Eckenrode's history of "The Revolution in Virginia" (Houghton Mifflin Company) follows one of the most interesting bypaths of American history, and traces the origin and development of the forces which led to the separation of the colonies from Great Britain. The materials are largely drawn from original sources of information in the archives of the Virginia State Library, to which the author, a Professor of Economics and History in Richmond College, has had access. Influences and issues which have been passed over or ignored by the general historian of the period are here presented clearly and fully; and the growing spirit of revolt, the rise of parties, and the conflicts of authority between the State and the King are described with a minuteness of detail which deepens rather than lessens the vividness of the impression which they make upon the mind. Not every historian has the gift of avoiding the dry-as-dust style in presenting the

fruits of such researches; but Professor Eckenrode is fully endowed with it, and his work commends itself to the general reader as well as to the special historical student. It is an addition of positive and permanent value to the literature of American history.

The unexpected inheritance of a million is a shock to be heroically borne by anyone to whom it comes, but the lovely heroine of Elizabeth Cooper's "Drusilla and a Million" displays a form of endurance peculiar to her. She desires to lighten her load of wealth by almost reckless benevolence, and displays wonderful ingenuity in finding objects for it ranging from a small black baby to entire families, native and immigrant. She founds an unchartered charitable institution, and she becomes sufficiently pugnacious to repel a busybody, and to defy a slanderer, and even to oppose her own lawyer, but she never ceases to be the same sweet gentle-hearted creature who was once general benefactress of her fellows, the inmates of an Old Ladies' Home. She makes a mistake or two, such as believing a rogue's tale of woe, and sending the next applicant for relief, a perfectly innocent clergyman, to the police station, but she can afford the expense, even when the clergyman becomes a chronic beggar. She ascends to the height of discharging her French cook, when he becomes slightly unmanageable, and she boldly goes into her own kitchen and makes doughnuts, and sends some to her rich neighbors. It is not written in the story that the heavens fell in consequence, and it is set down that Drusilla came in time to managing love affairs, even her own. Her soft Yankee accent and her Yankee shrewdness are pleasant touches in the description of a beautifully feminine woman. Frederick A. Stokes Company.